

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

*NOTICE: This week's issue contains the first of a series of four articles on French Railway Development.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The danger of mistaken tolerance is becoming painfully apparent in the Cape. A party of loyalists complained to Sir J. Gordon Sprigg of the boycotting tyranny to which they were being subjected. At a crisis, when a proper sense of statesmanship may prevent years of trouble, the man who has been given with foolish generosity every opportunity to justify his own claim to loyalty, rebuffs almost with insolence a deputation which seeks to find a solution for one of the chief sources of danger in the Colony. It is remarkable that even those papers which supported Mr. Chamberlain's decision and Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's political philosophy are growing anxious. The steps in his progress since he returned to South Africa are unhappily consistent. He first gave up his own party, because his own party had lost confidence in him and his creed. He then went over to the Bond under the specious plea that it was necessary in order to insure the passing of the indemnity measures. Now he begins to show that he is part of the Bond, liable to its control, if not infected with its prejudices. It is a not unimportant comment on this rejection of such political assurances that other and commercial promises have also been broken at the Cape.

The Boer Generals have been described, not with strict verbal accuracy, as arriving "incognito". But though they did not travel in any disguise more complete than that conferred by a frock coat and a top hat the people showed commendable sense in avoiding the excesses of clamour which greeted their first appearance. They themselves, in a manner fitted for diplomats, have been reticent, have avoided all advertisement and published their refusal to be interviewed. Of their immediate intentions we know this much that they have had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain. It is certain that one of their pleas was for official recognition of the Taal; and it is well to notice in this reference that an organisation has been formed in Pretoria to acquire Dutch teachers and to cancel the efforts of the British education department. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has expressed, privately, his strong hope that the Taal would be treated as the French language has been treated in Canada; but even he, on the same occasion, acknowledged that the double language was productive of considerable delay and expense in public business and

a continuous cause of social and political friction. If this is so of French and in Canada what will be the issue of the encouragement of the Taal in Africa?

British ignorance of the native question in South Africa was never more emphasised than in the comments on Sir A. Lawley's new ordinance for taxing natives. It provides with the necessary exemptions for a £2 annual capitation tax on every male adult and also £2 for every wife after the first. Estimated by the rate of wages the tax is undoubtedly considerable, though the new rule will ensure the natives the full meed of justice for the first time since the great trek from Cape Colony. The Boers then moved to the north from no other reason than objection to the emancipation of slaves and throughout their history have proved on the natives their objection to the principle of the emancipation laws. It is now from the party who were lately known as pro-Boers that the objection to the tax has come.

The misconceptions come from the fallacy that the native is to be judged like the income tax payer at home. It is his way, if he can, to make his wife work; and when she has earned enough money, he buys with it another wife who may do more work and earn the father of the family more money and more leisure. The new tax is partly designed to make the native man do the work himself; and if it has this effect it will confer an equal benefit on the native's character and the prospect of the country. The work of repatriation in the two colonies is still full of difficulties. One of the present hardships is that repatriated burghers have to wait an unduly long time for compensation for stock which was required by the army authorities after the surrender was made. The difficulty is increased by the ignorance of the people and the doubling of applications. Some do not realise that the claim for compensation which their receipts give them on the military authorities involve no claim on the special fund of £3,000,000; and those that do, may not be averse from applying to both. The difficulty is typical of the situation.

President Roosevelt has filled a second week with speeches and now he has made his pious opinions on trusts as clear as his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. Theoretically he would have American business men see that he rather admires the trusts as promotive of the national welfare; but adds the rider that their capacity for harm, which is a corollary of their possession of power, calls for greater control by the sovereign authority. If President Roosevelt had not said it the opinion would amount to nothing, and, as it is, it provides an inadequate cause for the stir of feeling. The German press is still busy explaining that the new Monroe

Doctrine is aimed at Great Britain and Canada; much of the English press is as busy preaching that the States have no wish but to express the best friendship for Great Britain. Both are equally wrong. The German papers will perhaps most irritate President Roosevelt and the English most amuse the typical American citizen.

One incident in the President's tour was nearly fatal. He and his friends were driving to Lenox through Pittsfield and as they came round a bend of the road at a point where two street railway lines diverge, a car coming down "at a terrific speed" ran unchecked into the coach, and smashed it to pieces. Mr. Craig, a secret service agent, was killed on the spot and nothing but good fortune saved the rest of the party. Perhaps the chief impression that is left by a short visit to an American town is the reckless driving of the electric cars. The elaborate crates which they now carry in front of them have saved some lives, but the toll is still heavy. It is reported that when President Roosevelt asked the driver why he did not respond to the signal and ease up, he replied that the right of way was his. The answer whether true or not gives a very accurate idea of the normal attitude of the American who is so fond of liberty that he does not wish his own to be hampered by another's safety.

The repression of the crime of boycotting has been taken more seriously by Mr. Wyndham than by Sir J. Gordon Sprigg. By the proclamation issued from Dublin on Monday almost a half of Ireland is now made to come under one section or another of the Crimes Act of 1887. By some perverted ingenuity the extension has been attributed to the influence of Lord Barrymore. The cause is really no more subtle than this that under present conditions men guilty of crime are liable to be acquitted by the prejudice of the jury. On its face the extension of these sections of the Crimes Act may mean no more than this and need not necessarily imply that crime is more frequent in the prescribed districts than in others. The favourite arguments of the Irish leaders from the relative statistics of crime are beside the point. At the same time it is in the particular crime of Boycott that the miscarriage of justice chiefly occurs; and in some places Section 2 of the Crimes Act which has special reference to "intimidating conspiracies" has been put in operation, as well as Sections 3 and 4, which arrange for the appointment of special juries and the change of the place of trial. Agitations of different sorts: one to enforce the partition of grazing lands in a certain way, another for the lowering of a particular farmer's rent, another of personal intimidation have been stimulated by the fresh activity of the United Irish League, and Lord Dudley has taken the only step possible. The inclusion of the County Borough of Dublin has so far caused most discussion, but such local details and discussions may safely be left to those on the spot.

There is some parallel between the Irish and the Poles, who have this week given the German Emperor a cold reception at Posen; but with extreme astuteness he partially succeeded in increasing cordiality by announcing that the line of fortifications, which restricted the ease of commercial intercourse, were to be destroyed, and in selecting the occasion of the visit as an excuse for altering a policy that had failed. But in the light of recent prosecutions his angry denial that any effort had been made to extinguish racial peculiarities and traditions was little less than extravagant; and it is too late to deny that the Catholic members have had reasonable grounds of offence. The partition of Poland was one of the great bullying crimes of history and its effects cannot be explained away in a speech or two. Perhaps no nation, certainly not Britain, is quite safe in criticising the greed of another; but it is evidence of an admirable courage in argument for the parties to the partition of Poland to show a sensitive horror at the case of South Africa. The Poles had at any rate no scheme for establishing a Polish supremacy nor had they oppressed natives to bully.

General Roberts and a considerable number of officers have accepted the invitation of the Kaiser to the German manoeuvres. The invitation is a pleasant extension of

the principle "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*". For though Germany is not an enemy of ours, but rather, if the Germans would believe it, a natural ally, she may at least be described as a rival. The officers with Lord Roberts may learn a good deal; but it is a pity that Lord Kitchener could not go with him. During the course of the war the German military attaché gave him an invitation which Lord Kitchener provisionally accepted; and he added, with the modesty of the man who can afford to be modest, "The fact is, I know nothing about tactics". Perhaps the paper tacticians were not the most successful in South Africa; but the Boer War is likely to remain unique; and a man of the strength of observation of Lord Kitchener could scarcely fail to learn something from manoeuvres organised by the greatest students of tactics in the world.

The demands now made by the Russian press for reopening intercourse with Afghanistan and establishing a Russian representative at Kabul may be taken as the usual adjunct to activity elsewhere. In this instance the point of interest is Persia and her Gulf—the real storm centre of the East in the present and the immediate future. The pretensions of Russia as now declared are not limited to Northern Persia where she is already supreme but embrace the whole country and its territorial waters. This advance brings her in conflict not only with England who is paramount in the Gulf but also with Germany who seeks a terminal station there for the Baghdad railway. The answer to it is the commencement of the railway from Quetta to Nushki on the new trade route to Eastern Persia, which has now been actually put in hand. The advantage of this route again is likely to be neutralised by the manipulation of the Persian customs, under Russian guidance, so as practically to cripple British Indian commerce with Persia. It is against this tariff that English intervention is urgently demanded if the trade is to be saved. In view of these complications the Afghan reference is no doubt a reminder that troubles may be raised also in a quarter where British feeling has always and justly been very sensitive. It will be time enough for Russia seriously to take up Afghanistan when she has swallowed Persia.

The thirty-fifth annual Congress of Trade Unions has been held in the Holborn Town Hall during the week. It has had a programme before it which has been more remarkable for its ambition than for the value of the speeches that have been made on its numerous items. The only practical conclusion of any importance is that consideration of the Taff Vale Railway case has led to the opinion of the uselessness of attempting to evade it by any devices to protect the funds. If it is to be reversed the view now is that the only way to do it must be by inducing Parliament to return to the law as it was understood by the unions before that event. The means for that end is to be the creation of a larger and more active labour representation in Parliament. But Mr. Cremer, M.P., who addressed the Congress, told its members they would only realise the difficulties when they got to the House and some of them would become terribly disillusioned; the sanguine ones of to-day would become the desponding ones of to-morrow. When the excitement has subsided the unions will probably find that their true aim will be to get exactly defined what the law is in regard to picketing and conspiracy. Then they can face their responsibilities knowing exactly where they stand.

The Congress has once again by a large majority refused to assent to the proposal that industrial disputes shall be settled by what is called compulsory arbitration. It is the old fear of not getting an unbiased Court of Arbitration; that is the pretext but in fact it appears that unbiased in the minds of some trade unionists means a determination always to settle disputes in favour of the men. This is fanatical and not reasonable trade unionism. One delegate said they should take the example of New Zealand by increasing labour representation in Parliament and then there would be no need for compulsion. Another said they could "go" for compulsory arbitration if they had more labour members. This Congress will certainly take the palm for recklessness and ignorance. It is New



Zealand that has led the way in compulsory arbitration courts and as we last week pointed out they have been successful.

At last something has been found for the Hague Arbitration Tribunal to do. Most people will have forgotten by this time that it is the outcome of that fiasco of a Conference at the Hague which the Tsar induced the Powers to hold either to bring about disarmament or reduction of armaments for there was some dispute about what its real objects were. There were a good many speeches of a rodomontade order and the whole question was dropped after the Powers had realised that they had been made to look a little ridiculous. There was a hasty agreement to devise some subjects which would furnish a pretext for forming an international Court. From that day nothing has been done; but now the Court is to adjudicate between Mexico and the United States "with regard to some church property". Europe is not likely to trouble itself about the result. Sir Edward Fry is one of the United States representatives. This is of some but not absorbing interest.

Mr. Chamberlain exhausted by his effort to say pleasant things to the S. John's Ambulance Brigade at Highbury gave utterance to a sentiment of culpable looseness. "This country" he said "would never submit to the expenditure necessary if we were always to be prepared for such an exceptional emergency" and he added that in such circumstances we should always be compelled to "call upon the voluntary patriotism of a free people to supplement the necessary deficiencies in the regular service". Every sort of interpretation of his words has been given; and it must be allowed that the phrasing of the sentence suggests a sort of acceptance of the principle of inefficiency, as if muddled departments did not much matter so long as there were always a reserve of volunteer patriots. Mr. Chamberlain has no right to speak so loosely that he is forced afterwards to issue a commentary, but he is in the dilemma of all who refuse to accept the principle of compulsory service. The one fact that at a critical moment in China there were no British troops to send is a proof that the voluntary system is not adequate to the calls of empire; and with the best War Office and Navy in the world we still put our stability at hazard, if the complement of drilled troops is insufficient to respond to the call of an "exceptional emergency". It is for the exceptional emergencies that armies exist.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to Paris has been remarkable alike for the enthusiasm with which he has been received and for the correctness of the attitude adopted both by French statesmen and the French-Canadian Premier. On this occasion he has said and done pretty much what he said and did in 1897 when he went to France after Queen Victoria's Jubilee. He loves France as the home of his ancestors, but he loves the British Empire as the author of Canadian freedom and prosperity. France may well learn from him some useful lessons in the art of wise colonisation. To teach France was not, however, the object of his trip. He went to Paris for purposes of business, and in order that there should be no misunderstanding he made it clear that political reunion as between Canada and France is out of the question. He knows, as France knows, that if the Union Jack were hauled down the tricolor could never be allowed to wave over Ottawa. The Monroe doctrine would have something to say on that score. But there is no reason why Canada and France should not enjoy closer commercial relations, and to effect these has been the object of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's latest visit to Paris.

A partnership in charity is a rare and very pleasant combination. The association of Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona, who have combined to give half a million pounds to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund, is of old standing. In the Jubilee year they gave 800,000 dollars towards the making of the beautiful Victoria Hospital in Montreal and considerably increased the endowment some years later. The two men have been associated in many ways: in business as in

charity; and their careers are curiously alike. Both are Scotsmen, though Lord Mount Stephen can also claim to be a Canadian born, and both made their fortunes in Canada in a somewhat similar way. Their latest gift brings nearer the hope that in this year enough money will be collected to ensure to the hospitals a sum of £100,000 a year, and one may expect, reckoning partly by the impetus always given by a striking act of generosity, that the bulk of the sum necessary to give such a yearly interest will be collected. The nation will thus be relieved of one of its first duties; and though this is an error in the philosophy of the subject, our gratitude is not the less for a gift which is munificent and without any suspicion of advertisement or any other motive than sheer charity.

Almost immediately after the horror of the eruption of Mont Pelée on 8 May, some of the inhabitants returned to the neighbourhood of the volcano and began rebuilding their huts! This strange carelessness to the continuing menace from the crater has led to sudden calamity. A further eruption has destroyed the village of Morne Rouge a sort of society holiday resort on the very crest of the hill as completely as it blotted out S. Pierre. The loss of life probably amounts to at least a thousand and the immediate cause of death, if the short accounts may be taken as authentic, seems to have come from just the same combination of mephitic mud and heavy gases. But there are signs of catastrophe, vaster if not more terrible than the eruption of a volcano. A tidal wave swept across the country and a mile of land is said to have sunk in the sea. Some of the French men of science, in strange contrast to the fatalistic callousness of the inhabitants, advise the vacation of the whole island. They see indications that this part of the Pacific may be about to undergo one of those great upheavals which divided the waters from the waters in the early period of the earth's shrinkage.

In the face of such catastrophes elemental disasters nearer home seem of small account, but on Tuesday night a south-easterly gale of great severity, from which London was one of the few places exempt, did great damage among the shipping, especially on both sides of the Irish Channel. The rain was worst in Belfast where the streets were flooded, all traffic suspended, and many houses had to be vacated owing to the floods. As the gales were the cause of wrecks from Plymouth to the Firth of Forth it is feared that the total of lives lost may be greater than appears by the first accounts: and the loss of property especially to farmers may be considerable. A gale of yet greater violence was experienced in Algoa Bay. It was at one time feared that the Union Castle liner "Scot" was wrecked. In all over fifty lives have been lost and the damage done to shipping in Port Elizabeth is likely to call serious attention to the deficiencies of that very primitive harbour. This is not the first time that great destruction of life and property on that coast has come from inefficient harbourage; and some large scheme for making better accommodation for shipping is likely soon to be undertaken.

The week has been full of disasters. On Wednesday there was another serious colliery accident in the Rhymney Valley. Probably owing to a fall of earth an explosion of gas occurred in a coal-pit at Abertyswg. At the time 112 men, an unusually small number, were in the mine and 16 have lost their lives either owing to the direct force of the explosion or the fall of earth. All the bodies have now been recovered. One may well wonder that science has found no method of preventing the frequency of such explosions, and the most effective method of checking the range of the explosion is nothing more elaborate than to water freely. As in every colliery disaster the courage of the rescue parties and as far as one can tell the coolness of the miners at work have been conspicuous. It is never a question of finding volunteers but of selecting the best qualified workers. Happily none of the rescue party lost his life, though two suffered severely from the afterdamp.

The First of September has this year lost all its pride of date. The crops are so late that it has been quite impossible to begin general shooting, and the sight of very tiny partridges hung in grim rows in front of the poulterers' shops gives unpleasant proof that in places the birds are as backward as the crops. But however little shooting may be done on the First the allusions to "S. Partridge" and the "familiar crack of the rifle (sic) on the moors" come as pat as ever to the date. It should be easy for some mechanical artist to arrange a clock by which the recurrence of certain dates should automatically shoot out the due list of terms. Of the sport in his day Penn said: "to shoot well flying is well; but to attempt it has more of vanity than of judgment". The judgment which he missed in the sportsmen of his day is not less deficient in those who, having never shot well, have the vanity to make the attempt to write about it. They miss the mark.

Some good sense and a good deal of business-like instinct have been shown in the regulations of the prolonged motor-car trial that has been made during the week. As the test is almost entirely for strength and trustworthiness and the prize may be won by an average pace of thirteen miles an hour, it is the more curious to notice that in certain, as it were, prescribed districts the police were instructed to insist on the strict letter of the law. The police, who by no fault of their own, are as ignorant of time as the normal handler of the stop-watch in local sports, are only capable of deciding in extreme cases; and numbers of the cases of arrest are merely capitious. Whatever may be our feelings on the highway when we are covered with dust by passing motors, it is clear that they have come to stay. We need not adopt the line of the Duke of Wellington—who declared strongly to Lord Goodrich that steam would never be of use to the country for its fighting ships—and say that motors have no future for serviceable work. The time has come when the regulation of motor-car traffic should be considered and reported on by some capable authority. It has been suggested that the work should be given to a departmental committee and the proposal, which was first made by the "Westminster Gazette", has much to recommend it. Mr. Graham Murray, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, would make a good chairman.

There has been an increase in the volume of business in stock markets, chief attention being again devoted to American Rails. During the greater part of the week this section was strong and general substantial advances took place, but the accident to President Roosevelt proved sufficient to check the bullish sentiment to a certain extent, and yesterday the market was weak, on profit taking. Steel Trusts proved an exception, meeting with good support. Home Rails were weak, the adverse criticisms which appeared in a contemporary as to the financial policy of our railroads causing almost general declines. The Scottish railway dividends declared this week were about in accordance with anticipations. The Caledonian declaration was at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the deferred thus receiving at the rate of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. The Glasgow and South-Western distribution was at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the preferred ordinary and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the deferred ordinary. Consols have displayed a drooping tendency, there being a fair amount of selling by those who had to meet calls on the last issue. Tenders for Treasury Bills to the amount of £2,000,000 will be received at the Bank of England on 11 September at one o'clock. The bills will be in sums of £1,000, £5,000 and £10,000, and will mature in September of next year. Although business in South Africans is still limited the market continues firm, and indications point to an increase of business after the holidays; there has been a certain amount of buying on Continental account this week. The decision arrived at to adopt the principle of piece-work in connexion with native labour on the Rand was received with satisfaction, and it is expected that this step will attract labour to the mines by giving increased awards to industrious and capable men. Consols 93 $\frac{1}{2}$  ex dividend. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February).

#### TRADE UNIONISM AND POLITICS.

THE Trade Union Congress which has held its annual meeting in London during the week has shown a very happy indifferentism towards party politics. This may sound something like a paradox to those who have attached any importance to the utterly worthless and parrot-like remarks of the President on the Education Bill, and who may have felt some contemptuous anger at the voting on the Education Bill or on the "unjust war" resolution. As to the President's deliverances we have always pointed out that the President's address is invariably the weakest and silliest part of the Trade Union Congress proceedings. A worthy man and a sensible one on topics which he has considered for himself, and are within his range, he is in the unfortunate position of having to make a review of a number of political and social subjects of which he understands as much or as little as the average member of Parliament. As far as their powers allow them both have to be orators of the platform for the moment, and as they have not been trained in the formal expression of their opinions they become crude, violent and forced, and they make themselves appear more foolish than they really are. We wish that we could say that the Congress showed more knowledge of the subject than its President. If they had gone designedly about the work of making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all who have any sense of justice and of proportion, in dealing with a Bill which is not designed for Utopia but a world of actuality they could not have done it more effectually than they did by their Resolution of Wednesday. Consistently with sanity there can only be one explanation. They acted as such bodies do, when they are not greatly interested, on official suggestion, and we do not believe that their action in fact will prove an exception to the proposition that trade unionists are tending to indifference towards party politics.

The speeches on the war resolution and those on the question of labour representation made it quite clear that there is less inclination than ever there was on the part of trade unionists to accept the old-time doctrine that their fortunes are bound up with those of the Liberal party. Much of the hostility that has been prevalent against trade unionism has been dictated by the belief that the unions were tools of the Liberals and were backed by them for party purposes. There is a good deal of distrust expressed for both parties and there will be an effort made, probably without much success, to form an exclusive labour representation in Parliament, but there does not appear to have been a speech made at the Congress which represented trade unionism as being naturally allied with liberalism or naturally as at feud with toryism. As to the specific subjects with which the policy of the present Government is concerned—the questions of the war and the Education Bill—it is not at all likely that working men will feel the fine frenzy of the President over the demerits of the Councils as against the School Boards. The division of opinion amongst working men on the war is probably not at all fairly represented by the voting at the Congress. Elections have shown frequently that the sort of man who comes as delegate to the Congress was not acceptable to working-class constituencies when he stood for pro-Boerism. Half the questions raised by the President in his speech, and these and others debated by the Congress afterwards, are not trade questions, but wider questions in which trade unionists have not the monopoly of interest in their solution, though they seem to talk as if they had. The importance of the decisions they come to is not to be measured by the wisdom they show in devising methods for settling such difficult matters as Taxation, Housing, and Old Age Pensions. That is often very far from being conspicuous; and their discussions at the latest conference show that kind of unanimity which exists until how to do a thing takes the place of the pious opinion that it ought to be done.

When trade unionists have seriously to face these matters in the constituencies where they meet others than trade unionists, they are as likely to be split up into sections as they have been over the war.



In the case of old age pensions and the Eight-hours Bill and in housing they will see that party politics do not come in at all, and that so far as the chances of these measures are influenced by public opinion the sectional differences amongst themselves are not the least formidable obstacles to settlement. Working men are as much divided if not more so than any other class of the community, as witness the attitude of the friendly societies towards old age pensions and of the colliers in the North to the Eight-hours Bill. They may or they may not be successful in widening the system of labour representation which seems now to be the object at which they are aiming in resentment at the decision which has rendered liable trade union funds to damages for acts held by the judges to be illegal. The wisdom of it is doubtful but it is proof that the exclusive claims of the Liberal party to represent labour are not recognised by trade unionists, and the Liberals will be the sufferers. Some pleased the "Daily News" by their votes on the war question others pleased the "Daily Chronicle"; but we suspect neither organ of Liberalism will find itself over-pleased in the future with the political action of trade unionists. The great Liberal tradition has broken down, and it will not be pleasant to see the trade unions balancing the advantages, on purely selfish grounds of supporting Liberal or Conservative, instead of settling the matter on first principles in favour of the Liberals.

This is the most important phase of trade unionism in regard to topics of wider importance than the specific questions strictly relating to the position of the unions themselves. They have good ground of complaint in the present state of the law. It needs to be made plain so that at least there may be a reasonable degree of certainty as to what is and what is not illegal. But if trade unionists are supposing it possible to "reconstitute" the House of Commons in order that it may be stated as a broad proposition that trade unions shall not be liable as corporate bodies, we very much doubt whether they are not overestimating their ability in the present state of public opinion. It is however a frank and honest objective, which is more than can be said for the attempts to devise means by which the funds of unions can be made safe whether the action of unions is or is not held illegal. The President of the Congress had the candour and honesty to object to any attempt to evade the law, and his remarks were received with approval. Indeed the legal advisers of the unions have practically advised them that the attempt is hopeless. The decision in the South Wales case against the Miners' Federation showed that a judge who will give a decision which leaves enormous powers in the trade unions within the law, will nevertheless sweep aside all sophistries by which they may attempt to protect themselves in any case whether their action has been legal or illegal. The condition of public opinion, with which the unions must be in touch, is that there is no sympathy with any attempt to confer privileges or impose disadvantages on unions that would be outside the ordinary law to which every citizen should be subject. Whatever doubts there may be amongst lawyers as to the House of Lords' decision in the Taff Vale case, the public in general see no hardship that a union which actually directs events should be responsible as a body for the methods they employ if they are illegal. To overrule the Miners' Federation case might upset principles which govern the rights of individuals, and which therefore the public have an interest in safeguarding if they are threatened by judicial dislike of trade unions. In that case indeed the unions would receive popular support because their liberties and the public's are bound together in the same bundle. That is the attitude of which the unions will have to take account.

#### SELF-CONDUCTED JOURNALISTS.

NAPOLÉON, like most men of action, said some good things. One of the best was his advice to his brother Joseph on the way to use the press. Journalists, he said, were like a mistress. One would as

little think of taking the one for a wife, as the other for a minister. It was presumably to avoid similar criticism that the Institute of Journalists was formed. A profession, with an estate to itself, ought to possess some organisation which should dignify it in the eyes of the world and bring it on a level with the prouder professions of the Bar or the Church. If it served no other purpose it would form the nucleus of a mutual admiration society within the circle of which newspaper "shop" might assume the dignity of political discussion and, who knows? perhaps ultimately raise its members to the dignity of French journalists of whom the most prominent are members of the French Parliament. The Institute takes itself very seriously. At the opening meeting the Chairman advised editors to take their papers out of the genus of ephemeridæ by the simple system of printing in full when they next got the chance the papers read at the meeting of the British Association. As an advance on Mr. Sheldon's idea of substituting for the news editor some "engrooved pulpiteer" Sir Oliver Lodge's proposal has the merit, most frequently claimed by new and American papers, of being thoroughly "up-to-date". It is a pleasant thought to picture the man of business wrestling on his hurried journey between home and office with ichthyological electricity or the investigation of multicellular thallidia. As an admirer of the British Association Sir Oliver Lodge might have remembered that it once harboured the worst perpetrator of journalistic lies known to the profession. It is worth notice that several of the better journals have paid no sort of attention even to the proceedings of the Institute itself. We are afraid with this instance of depravity of taste before us that there is no hope of Sir Oliver Lodge's recommendation being adopted in the near future. But as journalism, in defiance of philology, is made to cover even monthly and quarterly periodicals, journalism may claim that its duties to the British Association are amply fulfilled by "Nature". The reason why the better part of London journalism regards the Institute with amused contempt arises from a fitter conception of the dignity and quality of the profession. By the nature of things journalists are a mixed lot. One may pass as rapidly as Charles Lamb when he was transferred from the "Post" to the "Albion", "from a centre of loyalty and fashion to a focus of vulgarity and sedition". Every grade of society and morality and intellect is represented in journalism. At the top is a Lord Salisbury or a William Harcourt as they were in their salad days, or to pass from statesmen to politicians men like that eccentric Postmaster-General who was so greatly in love with journalism that almost every day of his life he dropped a leading article into the box of a daily newspaper and felt that he had reached the goal of his ambition when at the end of a lustrum one of the articles appeared in print on his breakfast table! At the other end of the scale are those miserable figures which you may still see any day in Fleet Street who starve daily on the precarious supply of mendacious paragraphs. There is an authentic case of one of this class whose personal appearance might be read as an exact aneroid of the day of the month. He received from one of the evening papers a monthly pittance; as it oozed away, at every day's remove from pay day his personal appearance as steadily degenerated, you could mark his hungry eyes, his sunk cheeks; and sometimes when the month was nearly up he was in fact driven to pawn his false teeth. It should be clear to anyone who lays claim to a spark of humour that any institute which intended to include Lord Salisbury and the Fleet Street Autolycus is doomed to perish by mutual antagonism of the particles or else to fall short of its definition. A few of the leaders of journalism still keep alive the fond hope that the institute may be made a representative organisation, but for the most part it exists for the provinces and fulfils its functions by listening to expansive truisms, inveigling a distinguished chairman, or squeezing a compliment from a bishop.

They can do in France what we cannot do in England. The excellence of the French reviews is paralleled by some of the work in the daily press, and political reputations are made and maintained in the journals proper as surely as literary reputations in the reviews. But

there is a grain of truth in the retort of an English leader-writer, who was asked to enter Parliament. "Why", he said, "should I surrender power for the semblance of it?" To a Frenchman the retort would seem absurd, for the reason that the power of journalism is estimated largely by its ability to further a political career. The intimate connexion, the almost alliance of the journalist and politician, dates from the time that Camille Desmoulins, a greater journalist even than Defoe because more in earnest, was driven by the accident of a stammering tongue to speak to the people on paper. The title of his first organ, "*les révolutions de France et Brabant*", proclaimed it as designed for a special political end and so to-day in France this or that paper with all Desmoulins's fickleness will turn a cat's pan in an evening, and no one heed the change, for no other reason than that it has been subsidised to hack a new politician. To point the contrast it is only necessary to imagine the sensation in England if the "*Standard*", say, were of a sudden to find virtue in radical socialism. French papers support people—it was "*le vieux Cordelier*" that ruined Danton and emancipated Robespierre—English papers support parties. Hence while the journalist and politician are allies in France, in England politicians, if they are not advertisers, have a sort of Masonic League against "paper men", as against a common enemy. This does not preclude respect and the showing of courtesy but the politician is as afraid of the personal element as the Frenchman welcomes it. Hence also it is as much opposed to form for a Minister to preach in the press as it is for an acting doctor to ventilate his views in unprofessional papers; and the exceptions, for once in a way, go to prove the rule. Lord Salisbury is above suspicion, a man by himself; and in the few instances where members have transgressed the etiquette, they have usually found it unwise to repeat their first indiscretion.

It is not because English journalists are better or worse than French that they cannot be massed in clubs, Jacobin or anti-Jacobin, or organised under an institute. It is rather that there is no common attribute. Every year more and more men of ability, education and, what is more, morality take up journalism as a serious profession in London. But they have no reason for coalescing among themselves and every objection to being lumped as co-professionals with the compilers of tabloid mendacities or the students of sporting synonyms. The authors of the best work in the daily press proper—the special articles in the "*Times*", not a little of the work in the "*Manchester Guardian*", or some of the thoughtful leading articles in the "*Westminster*"—would feel a ludicrous self-pity if they saw themselves conducted under the wing of the institute on a peripatetic tour of instruction from Birmingham to Stratford and made to listen at the stopping-places to popular lectures. Some of the provincial journalists who this week went to Stratford may have enjoyed hearing Shakespeare described as journalist, just as the budding literateur has been known to mistake his love of drink or vegetables for share in the genius of Burns or Shelley. The institute might flourish in America, as in France, but for a very different reason. In New York the desire for personal gossip constitutes a bond of unity among all journalists. The worst rebuke from an editor is that "the personal element in your work is not sufficiently pronounced". An applicant of literary aspiration is asked eagerly if he "happens to know Roosevelt's aunt or any of his cousins" and the rebuffed interviewer marks his revenge and boasts of it by slanderous or ludicrous inventions. One can imagine a league or a trust or an institute of these writers and their joint delight in discussing the "ethics of invention" of the "duties of anticipation". But even in the States, much more in England, the formation and advertisement of an institute which pretended to be representative would do grave injustice to the men who are hampered by a sense of honour and a notion of the dignity of the profession. It is just because journalism has hope of becoming, not a Fourth Estate, but a profession like other professions, where work and steadiness and intellect lead to assured promotion that the formation of an institute is to be

regretted. It would be possible in France, the home of brilliant journalists, where political interests give cohesion. It might flourish in America, because distinctions of respectability do not much count. In England the anomaly of a representative institute is more ludicrous than the recent proposal of a French paper that Mr. Hall Caine should be elected as the next fellow of the new Academy.

#### THE FORTUNE OF THE FARMER.

THE impassiveness of the English farmer at the present season, when his fortunes are at stake, is curious to observe. In these neurotic days one might search in vain for any other class of men who, in like straits, would be able to go about their ordinary, everyday business with such comfort and calm. You would scarcely look for anything of the sort at the Stock Exchange or Lloyds, though, considering the ease and frequency with which fortunes are there made and unmade, you might not wonder at nonchalance in such circles; you will not find it in trade or in what are termed the liberal professions, where the high pressure and competitiveness of the time are generally as marked as in an evening newspaper office. The farmer alone seems impassive as regards his business in times of crisis. He taps the glass less often and apparently less anxiously, when the weather is highly unsettled, than the Londoner who is preparing for a holiday, and is less crestfallen when it steadily goes back; and this though his crops are lying at the mercy of the elements and a few days' delay in getting them in may in the case of a large farm of several thousand acres mean a difference of hundreds of pounds to him. He is quite ready to discuss the day's news with a stranger—he was ever a keen politician—to chat over the prospects of sport among the partridges, to deplore the bad weather quite apart from the question of the harvest.

Those who hold that the typical farmer is pigheaded and ignorant, incapable of moving with the times, may find in this behaviour mere stolidity. We are not at all sure that they will thereby show discrimination. Depend upon it a man will not plough and dung the soil, and without exhausting it draw from it the highest possible profits, the better by being more or less on wires all the while. Successful agriculture is not a pursuit that lends itself to a display or expenditure of nervous energy. Except by the writers of Coronation poetry, who will put it to the credit of some fostering star or the like, our bigness is supposed to have been founded largely on our John Bullishness: and it does seem to us that there is more of that quality to be discerned in the carriage of the farmer, when his whole future is at stake, than in most things British to-day.

To say that the past and the coming week or so are a crisis in the fortune of the farmer is not to overstate the case. True, for some time past a remarkable change in regard to the growing of corn has quietly been going on. A large acreage formerly devoted to wheat, and highly lucrative even so recently as the late seventies, has been laid down in permanent pasture; whilst a good many farmers have for seasons together hardly troubled to take their corn to market, though they have not scrupled to sell the straw, a step which previous to the disastrous series of years from 1879 onwards no landlord would have suffered. A fair proportion of the grain too, mixed with other food, has been ground up for fattening cattle at home instead of being sold for bread-making purposes—which by the way may make up to the landlord to some little extent for the loss of straw. Yet when full allowance has been made for this change, no one who travels at all through the arable districts of the country in August and early September can doubt that the grain harvest—oats and barley of course as well as wheat—is an event of great importance. We shall not starve if it is ruined any more than we did in 1879, but a very heavy blow will fall on thousands of farmers large and small throughout the country. On



the first days of the present harvest, the outlook for agriculture for a year or so ahead—we do not say for longer than that—granted fair weather for a fortnight or three weeks was distinctly good. The hay crop has been a large, a very large, one, and secured in excellent order. The grain crops promised equally well: and, finally, the roots are admitted to be doing well almost everywhere. We can scarcely recall a summer when hay, corn and roots have all looked so well as in the present. Moreover—a fact not to be overlooked—the price of wheat has of late been getting on for double what it was in some of the market towns during the worst periods of agricultural depression. We believe the price of good English wheat on at least one occasion—since 1879—has been under eighteen shillings a quarter. If the weather continues fine for the next fortnight, the grain, though a good many crops have been beaten down by wind and rain and made the more difficult to harvest, will be saved, and many a farmer will start his next season with something really substantial in hand in the way of recent profits: otherwise what he has won by the hay he will lose by the corn.

The average Englishman, certainly the average town dweller, has long since schooled himself to bear with fortitude the ills of the agriculturist. Feeling that they do not immediately inconvenience himself, he does not let them prey upon his mind. Another disastrous season for farming, why it is as familiar as, and much less interesting than, another British reverse was at about the time when the South African War was supposed practically to have ended! But those who care to look beyond their noses are not satisfied with the view that the ruin of the agricultural industry, except to those who have sunk capital in it, does not much matter, seeing that we can get any quantity of food from abroad. It is a base little hand-to-mouth view. Franklin once said that there were only three ways by which a nation could grow rich and prosperous: the way of war, which he condemned as "robbery"—wars were not waged then in the manner of that we have recently come through—the way of commerce, which he described as "frequently cheating"; the way of agriculture, "the only honest way". We need not go nearly such lengths as these to set great store by the agricultural industry. Looking at the matter indeed from the purely utilitarian standpoint, we recognise that a vigorous sturdy peasantry cannot exist side by side with a fast ruining agriculture: and we believe that the great German statesman was right—a nation cannot have lasting greatness without a strong peasantry. Hence it is foolishness to deny the importance of the farming interest to the whole country, to make light of the fact that plenty of land, which grew paying crops in the sixties and seventies, is in the market now and will not fetch ten or twelve pounds an acre. In the end the towns would suffer by the ruin of this industry as much as the country districts.

We look to the State to exert itself on behalf of agriculture, but we do not expect any heroic remedies; and frankly there are none to suggest. Mr. Hanbury may find in Mr. Ritchie a slightly more obliging Chancellor of the Exchequer than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is reputed to have been. But even so we must not expect any very startling proposal from his department. There will certainly be no duty on foreign grain on behalf of English agriculture—the duty lately imposed was never adopted with that idea, for it could not and has not had effect on the price per quarter of wheat, which has risen from widely different causes. Nor will there be any rash attempt to set up a creaky peasant proprietorship. The faddists who press for this on the strength of a trifling acquaintance with a few English districts made during a scamper from place to place as special correspondents are not likely, we should say, to capture Mr. Hanbury and his colleagues: they might have learned more by staying at home and reading such authorities as Young, Sismondi and Macdonald. But by activity in administration by letting the public see that it is wide awake, and as earnest as Mr. Plunkett's department, the Board of Agriculture may do more than the plain man supposes, who will have it nothing is of use but a

good big duty on all imported corn. We believe in brain as well as brawn for agriculture, in—unlike Mr. Birrell's northern farmer—mind as well as muck. We do not see why the State should not in the near future devote time and money to the furtherance of agricultural education throughout the country.

#### MEMORIES OF OLDER LONDON.—II.

IT strikes one when looking back for forty years, that then half a sovereign went as far in London as a sovereign now. I have spoken of good and cheap dinners in town, and evening outings in the suburbs were reasonable and far more agreeable. Forty years ago the roads to the westward were far more rural, and the river below the bridges was less polluted by smoke. Of course if you dined at the Star and Garter you put your hand in your pocket: there were no teas for cheap trippers on Richmond Terrace. But if a pleasant drive in genial company was your object, there were hostleries as attractive—barring the unrivalled view—where the menu was safe and the charges were moderate. Pleasant it was, after a dinner at the Greyhound or elsewhere, to hear the rattle of the horses' hoofs under the scented horse chesnuts in Bushey Park. If more peacefully disposed, you might punt tête-à-tête among the swans, on sedgy reaches of the river, for there were neither steam launches nor houseboats. With the sense of solitude, and the soft splash of the sculls, you might have been floating on the Zambesi or the Upper Nile. There were quiet little riverside houses, like Stone's "Ship" at Halliford, or Mrs. Steer's at Shepperton, where a sybarite should have been content, and the eels at the White Hart of Windsor were unsurpassed. In the way of solid luncheon, the chops of City taverns were almost out of the running with those of the Pack Horse at Staines, which rather prided itself on the primitive simplicity of its name. Below bridges, you had only to pick and choose. There was the Brunswick at Blackwall, where the yards of some stately East Indiaman, swinging in tow of the tiny tug, threatened a smash among the glasses of your table. There was a quiet house at Purfleet, famous for its fish dinners as the Flandre at Bruges, known to the select: and at Greenwich the rival establishments of Ship, Trafalgar and Sceptre always on summer evenings did a roaring trade. I have laboured through many a solemn feast at Ship and Trafalgar, working hard for the morrow's indigestion, but my fond recollections are of a mere cabin of a room in the Ship, with a slip of a table, and barely space for a trinity of chairs facing the great bay window. What merry evenings we used to have there—half a dozen fish dishes with a duckling to follow, and the panorama of British commerce unrolling before you. You might order what wine you pleased: otherwise a few shillings footed the bill. For more distant expeditions there was the Falcon at Gravesend: the panes of the coffee room scratched with memorials of mourning exiles or of men who had made fortune abroad and come back in buoyant spirits. It was within easy reach of Rosherville, with its artificial caves and stucco statuary, advertised as "the place to pass a happy day". It was worth while watching the humours, especially of a Saturday night, when Cockney revellers were out on the rampage and the fun was apt to grow fast and furious.

Going to Greenwich or further, suggests the subject of conveyances. As you chose a fine evening, and time was worse than a drug, you generally went by water. The Gravesend boats used to be victualled as for a voyage to the Antipodes. The cabin tables were groaning with joints, and the drawing of bottled stout corks drowned the sound of the engines. Albert Smith mentions in "Christopher Tadpole" that the steward of a Gravesend boat generously supplied the solids at Mr. Sprout's evening party; no doubt there was enough to cut and come again, and the owners could afford to be indifferent to trifles. Now the penny boats have fallen on evil times: then they were plying in all their glory, and specially overcrowded from Hungerford Stairs to Paul's Wharf. There was no "Underground" and no Embankment. The boats

carrying passengers whose time was precious, used to come rushing up to the piers, when in spite of careful handling by ancient mariners, there would be a rasping of planks and rending of paddle-boxes, like those on the lower Danube when the river was swollen by spring floods. The chief objection to a prolonged trip in the dog days was that the Thames was as "high" as overkept venison, and always at the highest at low water, when the shores where the mudlarks were disporting themselves, were pestiferous as mangrove swamps in the Bight of Benin. It was quite *de rigueur* to take a penny boat; but no self-respecting youth could have condescended to an omnibus: he would sooner have boxed himself up in a growler, as if he had been his own maiden aunt. It was the golden age of the hansoms, and they were universally patronised by young Rapids. A contemporary picture in "Punch" was no great exaggeration: a young dandy asks the driver if he can answer for his horse, and then tells him to drive to next door. I have seen a hansom in a stable-yard twenty miles from town: I recognised it and knew at once that an impecunious cousin had come down to pay his court to a rich uncle, yet the road ran parallel to the North-Western railway. There was a perfect carnival and crush of hansoms on the road to Cremorne of a Derby night. I really believe that the attraction of those suburban gardens of Simpson's was not so much the illuminations or the fireworks, the shows or the facile society, as the charm of the change of scene and air from the stuffy atmosphere of the smoking-room to the swift rattle of the breezy cab. I don't wonder that Mr. Rabbits of boot-selling fame and other neighbours strove to put down Cremorne as a nuisance. But popular feeling, as Mr. Grummer put it at Ipswich, was too strong for him: and Mr. Sydney of Evans' celebrated his failure in a Carmen triumphale that used to be vociferously encored.

The Derby day then and the Oaks were great days for the hansoms, and for any sort of invalided vehicle that could be patched up for a spasmodic effort. I look back with a blending of regrets and horror to the pleasures of going down by road. For the road was then far more crowded than now. It was the thing to do, and though sporting papers and their subscribers have infinitely multiplied, the excitement in pseudo-fashionable circles was worked up in a way of which we have no conception now. "Bell's Life" held the field, and there were no legal checks on the tipsters and sporting prophets. Poets of veritable talent indulged in metrical predictions, and some of their stanzas cling to my memory, as "old foolish ballads" to that of Johnson. At the best in dry weather the road was in a cloud of dust through Clapham onwards to the Cock at Sutton, where all the world made a point of "liquoring up". Then the dust clouds thickened till on reaching the hill, you cut out impossible work for the brushers and the boot blacks. The difficulties of tooling an awkward team, hitched together promiscuously, or even of handling a well broken pair through the crowding and the darkness, may be imagined. And there were other chances against you, when you trusted to the mercies of unknown livery stables. Every establishment you knew was pretty sure to be overengaged and you were tempted to try your luck in answering advertisements. The ordinary stipulation was money down in advance. I remember once a party of four speculating in a landau. The hampers from Fortnum and Mason's were waiting in the hall of the Rag. The vehicle drew up and it was an old-fashioned mail phaeton, a tight fit for two. I say nothing of the pair of screws: they might have matched the chevaux morts Dumas bought for his corricolo. Two of the quartette went off by rail, the others mounted and came to unutterable grief on Clapham Common where an axle gave way. Such accidents were the common fortunes of war in a campaign that the proprieties compelled one to go in for. The Derby is now no longer an event of sentiment, and the most sensational papers scarcely care to make copy of it. Then the "Times" in the crush of political matters, devoted at least a couple of columns to the humours of the road and the downs.

Prize fighting had ceased to be fashionable, and the Ring could boast of few aristocratic patrons. But, notwithstanding the progress in manners and morals, there were still men of means, young bloods of position,

ready to put down their money for the championship of the light, the middle or the heavy weight. Promising novices seldom wanted backers. Cheek by jowl with the advertisements of the racing prophets in "Bell" were the challenges of the pugilists. The meeting places were supposed to be arranged in darkest secrecy, but there were houses of call, such as Ben Caunt's at the Coach and Horses or Jem Burns' at the Rising Sun, where you could always get the office. Of course the police could have known all about it, but the police did not care to know. Scotland Yard winked, and the affair was made quasi-respectable, by the presence of Bell's commissioner as umpire, a gentleman from whose decisions there was no appeal. The mob on the Epsom Downs was mixed, but it was more or less under the eye of authority, with the terrors of cells and fines in the background. The mob of the prize fight was a gathering of ruffians broken loose from restraint, only kept in order by brute strength and the heavy whips of the ring-keepers. A prize fight was supposed to be a thing to see, but for various reasons a single exhibition sufficed. The start was at some unholy hour: the trains were overcrowded with villainous riff-raff: the rush from the station to the ground and the struggle when the ring was being roped in were things to remember: if you were wise you left watch and purse at home and attired yourself in your stoutest and most disreputable shooting suit. You were fortunate if you escaped without bodily harm, and, if it were a square stand-up fight and the combatants were game, the nerves of the novice were sorely tried and the horse-butcher of a bull-fight was exhilarating by comparison.

#### "THE KEY TO JANE EYRE."

[The following hypothesis as to the literary genesis of "Jane Eyre" seems to us to have enough of plausibility to make it interesting and at least worth consideration. We must not, however, be taken as convinced. It is fair to the writer to point out that, if his somewhat tall superstructure seems to be built on a very narrow foundation, he has necessarily been reduced in the very limited space of a single article to hardly more than a bare statement of his case.—ED. S.R.]

SINCE a writer in the "North American Review", reading with none but the critical eye, calmly made the pronouncement that "Jane Eyre" was written in partnership and bore the marks of more than one mind and one sex, fifty years or more have passed, and the writer has been rewarded by fifty years of ridicule in the literary pillory. It would be interesting to learn what were the indications of the masculine mind and sex, but without doubt not the least indication is the motif of the story for, deny it who may, "Jane Eyre" had as its motif a consideration born of male experience regarding the difficulties of the marriage question where lunacy was concerned. The genius of Charlotte Brontë has been proved, on every side, to be constructive and not creative. Where, then, did she get the subject matter of "Jane Eyre"? "Shirley" we are informed, was built by her with effort out of various minor experiences and out of incidents to be found in the common annals; and the earlier, "The Professor," was built upon her Belgian experiences which subsequently she assimilated with her own life and called "Villette". But whence "Currer Bell" got that which enabled her to construct "Jane Eyre" has not been shown to this day, for the world has apparently never expected to find the solution of the mystery in a little work on Craven in "six letters to a friend in India", printed in Leeds and published in 1838 from Skipton, Yorkshire. That this book, however, written by Frederic Montagu of Lincoln's Inn, son of Basil Montagu, second (natural) son, I believe, of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, came into Charlotte Brontë's hands, and that she built up "Jane Eyre" from it, there is abundant evidence.

Possibly Miss Brontë's first notion of the motif of "Jane Eyre" was received where Mr. Montagu says



he does not "envy the man who can sanction under any circumstances (except lunacy or guilt) the separation of man and wife". This placing of lunacy before guilt in the connection might give the direction Miss Brontë's mind took in *Jane Eyre*; and not less responsible, in conjunction, is the extract Mr. Montagu gives from Shelley where the poet speaks of the moon as like

" . . . a dying lady, lean and pale  
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain."

This extract from Shelley, accountable with the foregoing for the motif of "*Jane Eyre*", contributes the gauzy veil "property" which "Currer Bell" hangs in the closet for the stage purposes of the "insane lady". Then, if these lines had greatly influenced the author of "*Jane Eyre*", we should not be surprised at being told, between her descriptions of the "vapoury veil" and the bedside visit of the mad Mrs. Rochester that, "the moon shut herself . . . within her chamber, and drew close her curtain of dense cloud".

Mr. Montagu describes in his fifth letter a night at a lonely, country hostelry. He tells us that though comfort is all around there is an air of profound mystery between his hostess and a "thick-set" son of the north with a deep voice and a sturdy manner. At midnight Mr. Montagu perceives by a light that someone is ascending the ladder to the trap-door of his room, and to his horror the hostess, clad in a white gown, and bearing a candle, her face working diabolically, enters and approaches his bedside. For the isolated, comfortable hostelry with an air of mystery read, the sequestered mansion, Thornfield Hall. The profound mystery that is supposed to exist between the hostess and the "thick-set" son of the north becomes, in furtherance of the elemental idea of a wife's lunacy as the theme of the story, the mystery that engages the "set, square-made" Grace Poole and her master, Mr. Rochester. The hostess, again split off, does service, with extension, as the wife who totters forth

" Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain."

Compare the following passages in Mr. Montagu's work with those of Charlotte Brontë, in the scene where the mad Mrs. Rochester visits Jane Eyre at midnight.

Montagu:—" . . by a light which grew stronger . . I felt . . that some person was about to ascend the ladder."

"Jane Eyre":—" . . a gleam dazzled my eyes . . it was . . candlelight."

Montagu:—"Clad in a white gown fastened close up to her neck, with her black hair matted by carelessness hanging over her collar . . ."

"Jane Eyre":—"It seemed . . a woman . . with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on: it was white and straight, but whether gown, sheet or shroud I cannot tell."

Montagu:—"Never shall I forget her dreadfully hideous expression."

"Jane Eyre":—" . . The features were . . fearful and ghastly to me . . it was a savage face. I wish I could forget . . the lineaments."

Montagu:—" . . she came up to the bedside, and looked at me a full minute, and after passing the candle carefully before my eyes, left me."

"Jane Eyre":—"Just at my bedside the figure stopped: the fiery eye glared upon me, she thrust the candle close to my face and extinguished it under my eyes."

Mr. Montagu's description of that night assumes in "*Jane Eyre*" a variety of forms, the origin of which, however, is always recognisable. The trap-door and ladder "properties" and their inevitable connexion with the mysterious, "set, square-made" figure, appear when first Jane Eyre is led by Mrs. Fairfax to the roof of the hall.

From Malham Mr. Montagu goes over to Jannet's Cave, so-called, he explains, "from the queen or governess (italics mine) of a . . . tribe of faeries", and

he poetically describes how one evening "a faery" came to him saying:—

"I have come from whence  
Peace, with white sceptre wafting to and fro  
Smooths the wide bosom of the Elysian world".

He swears allegiance and is promised admittance to "her pretty vassalage", whereupon she drives off in a car drawn by ladybirds guided by reins of gossamer and, returning, places a charter written in gold into his hand "with injunctions". The heroine of Charlotte Brontë's story was to be little and, if governess, in the inferior sense of that word, the author also desired her to be queen. And so she calls her Janet Aire or Eyre, for the fairy Janet was queen of the Malhamdale elves who frequented the enchanted land round the source of the Aire. The idea with its poetic halo appealed strongly to Charlotte; she believed she recognised a subtle masculine gallantry in the touch, and therefore left to Rochester the chief play of its possibilities. She herself strikes the "faery" note when upon Rochester asking Jane to marry him she answers:—"I was not born for a different destiny to the rest of my species: to imagine such a lot befalling me is a fairy-tale". . . This is a keynote: Charlotte Brontë had imagined a different lot in "*Jane Eyre*". Considerations of space here forbid "fairy" extracts from "*Jane Eyre*", but it will be observed that Miss Brontë never permits Rochester to call Jane "fairy" and "Janet" in the same breath, though of course she leaves "Janet" for the lover's tongue.

Among other things, Mr. Montagu's work provided Miss Brontë with not less than eighteen names including her nom de guerre. As regards the latter it is interesting to recognise that the influence of Mr. Montagu's work is apparent in the poems published over the name of "Currer Bell" before the reputed date of the commencement of "*Jane Eyre*". In passing, it may be remarked that Charlotte Brontë was led to adopt the name of "Currer" by Mr. Montagu's panegyric on Miss Currer, in which he tells us that she is "the head of all female bibliophilists in Europe . . ." and that "there is one name connected by every person with worth and excellence" . . . that of . . . "Miss Currer". And the name of "the celebrated lawyer, and one of his late Majesty's counsels, the late John Bell Esq.", in the memorable fifth letter, possibly suggested to her Gallic fancy, "*Currer la belle*".

"*Jane Eyre*" owes to Mr. Montagu its inception and motif, its plot and much of its staging; the creation of the "square-set" Grace Poole with the happy idea of juggling the mystery around her; the creation of the night-roaming, black-haired, white-gowned, candle-bearing, hideous woman given to incendiary proclivities and frenzy, the creation of at least the names of Millcote, Lowood, Lynn, Eshton, Ingram, Georgiana, Helen, Abbot, Currer, Bell, Poole, Mason, Severn, Eyre, Rivers, Burns, Jane, Janet and possibly St. John; the creation of a certain poetic "faery" atmosphere round the heroine Janet that bears direct influence upon the introverted Charlotte—Rochester; the creation of incidents including the laming of Rochester's horse, Rochester's fortune-telling deception, the voice and echo in the mountains; the "guide-book" and panoramic note; the laboured vignettes and "pictures"; and the superlative attention to nature with the selection of his, Mr. Montagu's, Craven for background. Mr. Montagu's work also provided the names of Linton and Hareton (Airtion) used by Emily Brontë in "*Wuthering Heights*", and his story of a foundling which was discovered by a shepherd who took it home but was too poor to maintain it, would appear to have suggested the idea of that tale of a foundling. Jane Eyre's being a good fairy was responsible, no doubt, for "that incarnate goblin", the plough-boy Heathcliff, being a ghoul. It will be observed that Charlotte Brontë, towards the end of "*The Professor*", practically calls Frances "fairy" and "Jane". Of course she is the elf Janet, and that sprite was also Jane Eyre and Caroline Helstone. But to explain why I make this statement would require an enquiry into what Miss Brontë herself has termed her "lucus a non lucendo principle" of name selection.

J. MALHAM-DEMABLEY

## IN WICKEN FEN.

THE road from sleepy Soham to Wicken is a hedgeless highway across what in the fen-bordering districts of Cambridgeshire are called the "highlands". Low sod banks only, sparsely covered with thistles and wiry-stemmed wild parsleys, separate the road from the hedgeless fields of sainfoin, beans, and barley; in summer the traveller seeks in vain for shade, in winter for shelter from wind and rain. This absence of hedge-rows, in spite of the general cultivation of the district, conveys an impression of barrenness—an impression which the presence of a few toiling farmhands does little to dispel. A three miles' ramble through such a district is more wearisome than one of ten miles in a southern county, and if it were not for the great charm of the spot toward which the road trends travellers might find it as depressing as it is wearisome. But Wicken is as alluring in its way as the stately fane of Ely standing out boldly against the distant skyline, and for the sake of wandering over the only considerable tract of original fen remaining in England one is willing to experience a little weariness, mental or physical.

Having reached the outskirts of the village, and turned into the narrow lane which leads from the so-called highlands to the Fen, one soon realises that one is come into real fenland—into the land of level, lode, and lilac sun-bonnet. The white-walled, reed and sedge thatched cottages in the lane are just such as one would expect to find in the neighbourhood of a wilderness of swamps; from the eyes of the men, women, and children who inhabit them one encounters that steadfastness of gaze which is characteristic of dwellers in lands of wide vistas; and presently one stands upon the verge of that vast expanse, the Great Level. For the village of Wicken is built on what may be called the shore of that apparently boundless plain which, in the days when the fens were subject to "drowning", so often was transformed into an inland sea. Here, on the border of what, nine hundred years ago, were the trackless swamps which surrounded the Saxons' Camp of Refuge on the Isle of Ely, generations of men lived semi-aquatic lives. Old Dugdale called them "a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly" race; but they were the men who by centuries of labour created thousands of acres of arable land and lush-grassed pastures, and when they had created them wrested them again and again from the grasp of the hungering sea. Others besides Dugdale have written slightly of them; that fastidious dilettante, Horace Walpole, could not understand how men could choose to stay in a district where they could not "saunter out without stilts"; but the men of the fens were a sturdy and stubborn race. Indeed, they could hardly be otherwise; they came of a sturdy and stubborn stock. Their ancestors were the dauntless Saxons who, led by Hereward, were the last of the English to submit to the Conqueror.

But there was one thing the men of the fens could not, or would not, do, and that was drain Wicken. All the rest of the watery wilderness which extended from Cambridge to Lincoln and Stamford to Lynn they dyked and drained almost dry; even the meres they made into cornfields; but Wicken Fen they left as they found it, and so it remains to-day. And so it is likely to remain; for in spite of all that has been said to the contrary there is little likelihood of its being reclaimed. The expense of such an undertaking would be far greater than the value of the land when it was drained, and now that the annual harvest reaped by its various owners has nearly doubled in value it would be folly to attempt it. Botanists, entomologists, and men of sentiment who lament the possibility of the disappearance of the last tract of original fen may set their minds at rest. Not in their time, not in their children's, will Wicken Sedge Fen lose its fascinating primitiveness.

If you go down into the Fen in summer, when its luxuriant vegetation has attained full height, you soon understand what is meant by the "loneliness of the fens". Turn aside from the wide grassy pathway or "drove" which runs through the midst of the Fen and you are lost in a jungle of reed, willow-herb, and

buckthorn. Your isolation is, to all appearances, as complete as was ever S. Guthlac's on his devil-haunted fen isle, and all the stories told of lost wanderers "mid reedy fens widespread and marshes drear" seem to have a personal significance to you. Here, in this almost trackless jungle, if the season has been a wet one, you must tread warily, for much of the ground is swampy, and there are many partially "grown up" drains in which the water is hidden by a rank growth of aquatic plants, some of them rare species which will be sought for in vain outside such boggy places. Now and again you come upon a tract which is a veritable wild-flower garden. Yellow meadow rue, purple spike of loosestrife, tall marsh thistle, flaring marsh ragwort, and pink cat valerian bloom amid a creamy foam of almond-scented meadow-sweet; and over the swampy soil creep flowers of humbler habit, such as the rare marsh pea, the dainty blue skullcap, the knotted pearlwort, the tormentil, and the cathartic flax. Everywhere the milk parsley grows abundantly, and this accounts for the large number of swallow-tail butterflies which from May to August are seen, on sunny day, fluttering over the Fen; but the great fen ragwort, which used to be so plentiful here, is nearly, if not wholly extinct, and neither the great marsh fleabane nor the marsh sowthistle, two of the rarest British plants, seems to have been found here for several years. Their disappearance is due, however, to the raids made by botanists rather than to any alteration in the nature of their old home, for the Fen is quite as suited to the production of these plants to-day as is the Norfolk Broadland, where they still survive.

To the average Wicken fenman, however, the disappearance of a few rare flowers is a matter of indifference: what concerns him chiefly is his annual harvest, which begins in September, soon after the corn harvest is ended. Three distinct crops are produced in the Fen, the largest and most important being a crop of mixed sedges, swamp grasses, and small rushes. A few years ago this curious mixture was of little value and only used for litter; but lately it has been discovered that it makes a fodder which is quite as acceptable as hay to horses, and the price of it has in consequence more than doubled. Formerly the most valuable product of the Fen was a somewhat locally distributed sedge known to botanists as the prickly cladium. This sedge, which is of stiff, erect habit, and often attains a height of five feet, makes excellent stuff for thatching and is often used for roofing park lodges, ornamental boathouses, and other buildings in which a better "finish" to the roofs is desired than can be obtained when the material used is straw. It is cut with the scythe and bound up in sheaves about the size of barley sheaves. In the days before the Fens were drained it was exceedingly abundant in the district, and cartloads of it were sold and used for lighting fires; but now even at Wicken it is anything but plentiful, and in most parts of the Fen grows so intermingled with other vegetation that it is somewhat difficult to make a separate crop of it. The third crop consists of reeds. These are cut last—with a curious implement intermediate between a sickle and a scythe—and they are also used for thatching. Turf is occasionally cut from the drained lands bordering the Fen, but not in the Fen itself, where the soil is so saturated with water as to render turf-cutting impracticable.

The whole Fen crop is not annually harvested. When the litter or fodder produced by a certain portion of the Fen has been cut that portion is left undisturbed for two years; and where the sedge grows luxuriantly enough to provide a separate crop it is only cut once in four years. Every year, however, certain tracts are ready for cutting, and when this is done the crop is conveyed off the Fen in a curious fashion. For the swampiness of the ground renders it impossible for a waggon or even a light cart to be driven over it, so the sedge sheaves and bundles of fodder have to be carried away by hand. That this may be done as expeditiously as possible, two long poles are laid parallel a little way apart on the ground, on these the sheaves or bundles are placed, and when as much has been heaped upon them as two men can carry the load is raised by the pole-ends as if it were a



Sedan chair and borne down to a neighbouring lode-side, where boats are moored in readiness to convey it to the spot where the crop is to be stacked. Indeed, everything in connexion with this strange harvest is strikingly primitive; but they are admirably in harmony with the general aspect of the Fen.

On a summer day, when the sedge warblers are singing in the buckthorn bushes, the reeds whispering sibilantly, and brilliant-hued butterflies among the wild flowers, the Fen is a pleasant place and one may be loth to leave it; but at night, when the mist rises from the stagnant pools and sluggish lodes, this sedgy solitude assumes a somewhat awesome and almost primeval aspect, and its surrounding levels seem to slide back into their original desolation. Darkly silhouetted against the sky, its solitary, gaunt old windmill looms above the mist like some weird prehistoric monster keeping guard over its lair; and should a moth-catcher be at work in the Fen after nightfall the glimmer of his lantern might be mistaken for a Will-o'-th'-Wisp's alluring and deceptive flame. The damp chill air and dank odours of the Fen at such a time are suggestive of ague—that joint-racking “Bailiff of Marshland” so dreaded by the old-time slodgers and bankers—and one is reminded, too, of those mist wraiths and “fen devils” concerning which such grim tales are told by the monkish chroniclers of the “history” of the Fens.

## FRENCH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

### I.—INTRODUCTORY.

FOR two generations the development of the railway system of France has been a matter of considerable interest to people on this side of the Channel. It is true that our neighbours do not require the services of English engineers or contractors, nor has the building of railways in France given to English capital opportunities of employment such as it has enjoyed in newer countries; but there are numbers of English people to whom Paris, even republican Paris, is still the pleasantest city in Europe, and for them as well as for overland passengers to the east, invalid visitors to the Riviera, summer tourists to Switzerland, and a host of other travellers in other directions, the progress made by the French railways in their arrangements for dealing with passenger traffic must always be a subject of much concern.

For some little time past the French lines have been attracting an unusual amount of attention. As a means of inland communication the steam railway cannot compete in elasticity with roads or in cheapness with canals, but in the matter of speed it is unquestionably superior to any other means of transport that has yet come into use; and in dealing with the development of railways in France it is impossible to avoid referring at some length to their high speeds, for to this particular subject the companies during the past decade have devoted their energies so successfully that they have placed their country in a position far superior to that of any other nation in Europe. Ten years ago Englishmen would have dismissed as ridiculous the notion that in such a matter they could ever be hopelessly beaten, and when they were beaten they at first refused to believe it; now, when it is no longer possible to dispute the fact, those who refuse to admit that the present attitude of the British lines is wrong take refuge in the assertion that if we wished we could of course do equally well, but that we prefer to avoid improvements for three reasons: because the public in this country does not desire to travel fast, because to increase the speed of a train is to increase the cost of working it, and because high speed in itself is dangerous. As the matter is one of serious importance it is worth while to examine each of these reasons in detail. As to the first it is hard to believe that it is advanced seriously, even with the example of the Shah, for the fastest trains on all lines are invariably well used; and no one ever heard of a through passenger from London to Scotland, for instance, who deliberately preferred a stopping train to one of the recognised Scotch ex-

presses. At sea the conditions are not the same, for it frequently happens that on a big ocean liner many of the passengers have been ordered by their doctors to take a voyage of so many weeks' duration, and to them, provided the weather is fine, the ship well found, and the company agreeable, it is a matter of indifference whether the speed be ten knots or twenty. But even in lands where the comfort of passengers is studied with much more care than it has ever been in England people do not go from place to place by train with the idea of obtaining health or recreation from the mere act of movement, and all the world over a railway journey is regarded rather as a more or less disagreeable necessity which if it must be faced should be got over as rapidly as possible.

The statement that an increase in the speed of a train necessarily implies an increase in the cost of working it is a mere assertion of which no proof is offered; still less has any attempt been made to show that if extra cost were incurred it would not be outweighed by the receipts from extra traffic attracted.

With regard to the remaining argument on the score of safety, even if it were possible to fix an arbitrary limit beyond which an increase must in any circumstances be dangerous it is obvious that in this country at least that limit has not been reached, and it may be pointed out that in not a single one of the serious railway accidents in Great Britain within the last quarter of a century, from Abbot's Ripton to Slough, has any train come to grief because it has been timed at an excessive rate of speed. There have been accidents, such as those at Ryhope and Preston, attributable to the fact that in view of the character of the line trains were actually travelling too fast at some particular spot; others, such as those at Marshall Meadows and S. Neot's, have been caused by defects in the permanent way; many, Taunton or Thirsk for instance, have been due to mistakes of signals or signalmen; and not a few, such as those at Penistone and Carlisle, either would never have happened at all or would have had trivial results but for the unfortunate preference of English railways for an inferior form of continuous brake; but not one of the trains to which a disaster has occurred has been timed at a speed much exceeding fifty miles an hour and by far the greater number of them have not been fast trains at all.

And though the case for the railway companies, whether good or bad, has been stated clearly enough there is another side to the question, for the public has an interest in the matter too; and the disinclination on the part of some of our companies to grant any improvements in speed that can possibly be withheld—witness the services to Portsmouth or the proceedings recently necessitated to secure that the day Scotch expresses should not be run more slowly than they were fourteen years ago,—while placing the country at a disadvantage in competition with nations in which more progressive views are held, can hardly in the long run benefit the companies themselves.

Nor can it be alleged that during the last decade the French companies, while devoting special attention to the question of saving time, have on their main lines at least neglected to make other needed improvements. The old policy, always keenly resented by English travellers, of limiting the seating accommodation of a train so as to insure as nearly as possible that every compartment shall be filled to its utmost capacity has been largely abandoned; class restrictions have been relaxed; dining cars and corridor trains have made their appearance in many places; and all these improvements have taken place concurrently with a general reduction in fares. The change in the spirit of French railway administration is well illustrated by the change in the afternoon service between Paris and London. In the summer of 1892 the train leaving Paris at 3.30 P.M. was confined to first-class passengers only and even they were not conveyed except on the payment of a very large supplement in addition to the high fare then in force; to-day the “club” train has long been defunct but its successor carries ordinary third-class passengers without demur.

At the same time momentous changes, of more general interest perhaps to shareholders than to travellers, have taken place in the method of drawing

the trains. The French engineers have had the good fortune to hit upon a type of locomotive which, no matter how the speed and weight of the trains be increased, has so far proved itself able with ease to meet all demands made upon it. The companies can thus work even their best expresses without resorting to the practice, in every way objectionable, of using more than one engine to a train; a practice which, in spite of the inferior character of the services in many parts of Britain, particularly on the line which is pleased to style itself "our premier railway", seems to have been complacently accepted as inevitable. The action of the French railways on the subject of motive power has presented a sharp contrast to that of our own companies. Once the superiority of the particular type of locomotive referred to had been proved beyond dispute it was adopted, with small local variations, as the standard pattern for express work on all lines throughout the country. Here, except in the rare cases where a chief engineer has passed from the employment of one company to that of another and in each instance adhered to the same design, it is still a point of honour with each company to build engines resembling as little as may be those of any of its neighbours; and it seems hardly possible that all now in use can be equally efficient. In France a long course of natural selection has been allowed to lead to a survival of what for the time being is undoubtedly the fittest, but a sufficient number of experiments are made to ensure that progress towards something even better in the future shall not be arrested.

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S INCOMES.

WE are disappointed sadly with the Commissioners of Revenue and we resent their reticence about other people's incomes. Their official returns are crammed with tables when the real demand is for personal details which would enable us to check our friends' incomes, though we should like our own to be left in the dignified seclusion of the collector's office. What is wanted is an official publication somewhat on the model of one of the "Who's Who" or "What's What" books. It could be called "Who's What"—if that title is not already engaged—or something of the sort, and it would be of far more interest than anything we get at present about recreations and ancestry and other matter which we none of us care in the least to know. If it is not done officially why should not some enterprising publisher take the matter up? Or it would be sufficient to do as we see certain old publications of this genre are doing. After golfing, cricket, cycling, hunting, shooting, yachting or any other imaginative item which is supposed to show Mr. Smith when his great mind is unbent, and he is not directing the affairs of the universe, we are informed when the world will find Mrs. Smith not taking her tea in the nursery on what is "her day". So Mr. Smith might tell us in "Who's What" on what amount he manages to do it all. The unfortunate thing is that it would not be so safe to brag and—not to put too fine a point on it—lie about his income as Mr. Smith finds it in regard to other personal matters in the columns of the periodicals in which he now comes into communication with the outer world. He may do it, and does, orally and by innuendo or open boasting in the smoke-room, but to put his romances into cold print, though he would really like to do it with the same freedom, might cost him a pretty penny before the financial year was out. Mr. Smith's friends are in the habit of making deductions from his account of himself in the publications in which he informs the world who is his barber, but accustomed though the income-tax collector is to make all kinds of deductions, it would probably happen that without a visit to the Commissioners, whom he would have painfully to convince that he had been lying, the deductions would not be made with the damning evidence produced by Mr. Smith's own admissions. And yet what a pity it really is that our friend should not have this liberty to romance about

himself in this respect as in others. As far as income returns are concerned he has to spend all his days in severe self-repression, except when he is in private circles where there is no chance of an income-tax official being present—as has been known to happen—in multi or incognito or whatever may be the proper expression for that personage when he lays aside the official garments which no doubt he wears in the secret recesses of his mysterious office. How many of us who have obeyed his ukases to fill up his complicated blue papers have seen him in that retreat? We should shrink from intruding ourselves into his presence, for it is a great pleasure not to have to see him; hence our ambiguity on the subject of his official dress. That he ought to wear something extremely imposing we know in our inner consciousness, but what would benefit the majesty of him we have not the sartorial imagination to conceive. Need we wonder then that Mr. Smith's warm imagination when he dwells (chiefly by innuendo as we said) on his pecuniary resources to his friends, is chilled before this personage, that his imagination needs stimulating by the collector before he can realise that his income can possibly be as much as the collector suspects. What a difference in the gross income as it would appear, if there were no danger in it, in "Who's What" and the net income as he lays it with inward qualms before the cold and critical eyes of that official! So does the tyranny of the Income-tax Act interfere with the liberty of the press and encroach on the liberty of the subject.

Yet we are all of course dying to know the details of one another's incomes accurately; but there must be no nonsense about it; no imaginative flights, as would be taken in "Who's What", but a calm official statement by which we could really place everybody in a regular plutarchy. The only drawback is the undesirable publicity it would give to one's own income. Otherwise we should all rejoice at the disclosure of other people's. But at least ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would agree heartily to it if we could only fix a limit say at exceeding £3,000 and not exceeding £4,000 a year, to use the technical official language of the tables. There would not be many of us, and why should the man who reaches five thousand a year shrink from publicity? No one need be ashamed of that. It is the poor wretch with five hundred, who would like to be supposed by everybody but the collector to have seven, who has reason to be sensitive at being dragged into the light of common day. The tables tell us there are two hundred and sixty-four fortunate five thousand a year people who need not fear the light: judges and people of that sort we suppose. We can all rejoice in thinking that at least we know definitely, positively, some of those attractive fellow-creatures who can boast truly of five thousand per annum. Let the list be extended for the greater happiness of the people. What is the use of wealth but to confer happiness on those who are less fortunate? We all glow and exult over the rich man. Let us know him: let us rest our eyes upon him and thank providence for the brightness of his presence in a grubby world. And if the five thousand pounder should be gently extracted by name from the obscurity of the Tables what of the men "not exceeding ten thousand, and not exceeding—O fortunatos—fifty thousand", who are a small but golden phalanx of one hundred and ninety? or, most mysterious and more inaccessible than all, those sixteen shining ones over whom the Table breaks down in a fit of emotion as it marks down a line of triple dots thrice repeated to indicate that we are wandering in an El Dorado where the inhabitants do not know after they have returned their income tax at fifty thousand pounds how much more they have got? Who does not long to know these men? Why should they dislike publicity? On the contrary they ought to welcome a law which should ensure their being known; and as so many of us do not read income-tax returns, but would be delighted to know who figure therein at fifty thousand a year, there ought in the public interests to be some official badge issued by the Chancellor of the Exchequer so that we may know them when they come abroad. It is the simulacrum and very pretence of knowledge to inform us merely of their distribution in the British Isles. We are told there are fifteen in



England. Immediately the conclusion is reached that there must be just one remaining and he must be either in Ireland or in Scotland. As a matter of fact he is in Ireland; thence it follows as the night the day that "Caledonia stern and wild, Fit nurse for a poetic child", cannot rear fifty thousand pounders on oatmeal: though Ireland can do it on whisky, or probably stout. Evidently too the Commissioners have not been able to catch Mr. Carnegie. But then we know about him; he has put on the badge for himself; and he is the delight of two hemispheres. We should none of us be happy if he had less than—fifty millions is it? It would be like depriving us of the consolations of a religion.

There is just one word that ought to be said about these income tax returns in order to prevent very considerable disappointment. The fewness of men who have only "exceeding five thousand" must be a cruel blow to many of us. At first we could not understand it. Surely, we thought, it is a strange result of eleven centuries, or about seventy years, of English history according as you reckon from William the Conqueror or the early boyhood of John Bright that there should only be some six hundred people with incomes over ten thousand a year. They do not seem to have made the best use of their opportunities, considering the enormous proportion of the people who do not pay income tax because they have not the income and those that do who are just over the line. About half a million pay on, say, two hundred a year. The explanation of the lamentable dearth of wealthy income tax payers, above the five thousand pounds we should reckon wealth at, who must be astonished at their own moderation, is that the tables we have been considering only relate to profits from business concerns, professions, employments, &c., and leave out of account the owners of houses and lands. They only account for something over a half of the incomes on which tax is paid, and we suspect we are deprived of the pleasure of knowing many names of recipients of incomes above ten thousand as we are of knowing those colossi of the professions, the medical and legal for example, who would not dispute the proposition that they are returnable at anything between fifteen and twenty-five thousand a year. But lying perdu in the obscurity of these Tables on Houses and Land, there are many, we are sure, on whose names and incomes we should gaze with the pride of the true Britisher in other people's large incomes, and we can only ask why we are deprived of the pleasure even of knowing how many there are, not to speak of our ignorance of them by name. The income-tax returns do not make us so proud and happy as they ought.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PUBLIC SCHOOL "SPIRIT".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

72 Comeragh Road, W., 3 Sept., 1902.

SIR,—There is an editorial paper in the new number of the "Monthly Review", in which the "Public School Spirit" is defended and vindicated from the attacks of some unnamed assailant. I am not concerned at present with either the attack or defence; but the reading of the paper reminded me of what seems to be strangely ignored in current discussions of this subject.

I have of late trespassed on your hospitable columns to such an extent that I feel I must put what I have to say now in the very baldest form. The "spirit" then, that, so far as my observation goes, has not been conspicuously present in the commissioned ranks of our late army in South Africa is the religious spirit which has always largely leavened our army and navy in former times. That spirit, dutiful, modest in success, patient under misfortune, when beaten never bitter, simple but knightly—the spirit in fact shown by Paul Methuen, quem honoris causa nomino—is the spirit I

should like to see fostered in our educational and executive establishments.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. P. OWEN.

## A NEW METAPHYSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Didsbury, 3 Sept., 1902.

SIR,—From Aristotle to Kant and his followers a hypothetically real, as distinct from seeming, knowledge has been affirmed, and a hypothetical knower, called reason, or mind has been invoked to account for the real knowledge, or truth. For me, truth is solely belief. Things believed change; truth (belief) never changes. Fallacy, *qua* belief, is truth. Neither metaphysic nor logic of the schools enables me to believe that truth can change. The ideal of philosophy of the schools has been to discover a universal principle from which all subsidiary principles may be deduced. The universal principle, according to this philosophy, is the active knower, or mind. However, it would seem that this "knower" would be projected into factitious "objectivity" as fully as is the empirical "objective". To illustrate this point and some fundamental differences between my metaphysic and that of the classical schools, I will deal with a citation from Professor E. Caird's article, "Metaphysic", in the "Encyclopædia Britannica".

He writes: "If it be true that nothing exists which is not a possible object of consciousness, and again that there is no possible object of consciousness which is not essentially related to self-consciousness, then the phenomena of the external world, which at first present themselves under the aspect of contingent facts, must be capable of being ultimately recognised as the manifestation of reason; and the history of the conscious being in his relations with that world is not a struggle between two independent and unrelated forces, but the evolution of antagonism of one spiritual principle. It is, on this view, the same life which within us is striving for development, and which without us conditions that development. And the reason why the two terms, the self and the not-self, thus appear to be independent of each other, or to be brought together only as they externally act and react upon each other, lies in this, that the object is imperfectly known, and the subject is imperfectly self-conscious. This, however, does not make it less true that in self-consciousness is to be found the principle in reference to which the whole process may be explained, and therefore that the self-conscious subject, as such, lives a life which belongs to him, not merely as one subject among others, but as having in himself the principle from which the life and being of all proceeds" (p. 92, vol. 16).

To affirm, in the sense of Professor Caird, that an object is "imperfectly known", or that a subject is "imperfectly self-conscious", is, to me, simply a matter of stringing words together. I cannot experience ideas behind the words. An imperfectly known object implies, for me, possible comparison between it and a perfectly known object, the hypothetical "perfection" of the latter being a quality in conjunct experience with the object. The only perfection of knowing an empirical "object" that I can apprehend is involved in the seeings, touchings &c. as which I sense the object, and in the scientific concepts determining the so-called properties of the object. All here is bound to the immediate knowing as sense-experience. The more of these determinations I bring into relationship with the sensing, the more perfectly, I may say, I know the object. However, I really get no more "perfection" in any case; I merely get different subjects of perfection, as I get different subjects of belief. The "ideal" is belief, not subjects of belief. Now, so soon as I metaphysically project an object beyond empirical experience, I have done with the object as in comparative relationship and can affirm nothing about the comparative perfection of the empirical and meta-

physical determinations. If belief sanctions both, they are equally perfect. If I supersede one by the other, the former excludes belief.

Analogous considerations apply in the case of self-consciousness as propounded by Professor Caird, which is utterly different from the feeling of personal identity, the only experienced self-consciousness. Varying intensities of this feeling warrant our saying that we are more or less self-conscious. But, when somebody tells me of a "mind" that unifies and transcends subject and object, becoming self-conscious in the act, I am out of my experimental depth. I might as well be told that X. Y. Z. was self-conscious.

According to Professor Caird, "reason" is an active agent manifesting "contingent facts"; not an "object", but a self-knower which, nevertheless, deceives itself by knowing itself imperfectly, as subject and object. I cannot conceive such a knower. A self-contained and active mind, for me, must be omniscient and omnipotent, leaving no room for "contingent facts". I doubt whether anybody can conceive Professor Caird's "reason" except as a sort of magnified scientific law, which, I contend, is no less "objective" than is a sensory experience. I contend that there is no really subjective knowing; there is only empirical subjectivity. Kantian metaphysic implies that there is real subjectivity, into which all knowledge resolves itself.

From my standpoint, it is profitless to theorise about mind, unless by inference from immediate, "given" experience. This implies active agency behind the experiences. The purpose and necessity of metaphysic I take to be the identification of the active agency and the conditions under which it manifests itself. I consider that metaphysic is worthless unless it interprets the so-called occult, renders religion intellectually secure, and places morality on a scientific basis. I hold that the only metaphysic meeting these requirements must be of the inferential or deductive character I indicate. "Inference" is the experience of empirically sequential thoughts and a particular feeling which we call, conclusion. When belief is added, the result is truth.

Through "reflection" (empirically turning the psychical on the sensory), we assume that the sensory is antecedent to the psychical. We only know antecedence through what we call time, which is as much immediate experience as are thoughts and sensing. Time is "objective" as much as is thought or sensing. Antecedence and succession, as dealt with by empiricism and Kantian metaphysic, are what may be termed cognitive illusions. I have rendered this point clear in "Heresies."

Sensory and physical experiences are given in conjunction with two feelings, "inside" and "outside" (in my metaphysic, termed inner and outer sensations). When we ask: inside and outside what? there is no real answer from the conventional standpoint, metaphysical or empirical. Some empiricists say that things are outside brain. Brain is sensory experience. Nobody can imagine experiences as inside or outside one another. Classical metaphysicians say that things are inside "self-consciousness". This is a thought, (psychical experience). What applies to brain applies to self-consciousness. To affirm localisation without identifying anything to which it applies is to affirm what is meaningless. Assuming the empirical fiction of localisation, we build up our "science". Metaphysic has to identify things that are really inside and outside. It identifies soul, as will, as outside experience, as mind; immediate experiences (thoughts, feelings, sensings) as inside (constituents of) mind (what I call the possible universe, or God-mind).

My "mind" does nothing. The Kantian mind knows itself and conditions its own activities, so conditioning them however, that it does not know itself, or, as Professor Caird puts it: "is striving for development". It seems in a chronic state of self-contradiction, and is quite irreconcilable with the empirical facts of telepathy, clairvoyance, hypnotism which, it seems, a metaphysically identified mind should serve to interpret. To discover what is active, we must infer from an immediate experience: the idea, cause. This

drives us to what I call will. Every empirical cause turns out to be only a product of cause, as "effect". Still, cause exists, because we have the idea. Thus, the idea, cause, is mind-constituent, while the active agent itself, will, is outside mind. The mind may be figured as a corpus vile on which the soul operates, and is common to all souls (empirically demonstrated by the facts of suggestion; metaphysically involved in the identification of will).

The question arises: Is the will a true, absolute cause, or, like empirical cause, only an "effect"? As we only know, as prime experience, the idea, cause, not causes, but, as we identify causes, as wills, we must infer that these are only "effects"—of Cause Absolute, God. Thus, there are two products of Cause Absolute: wills and mind. Mind, I call actualised universe, considered as "conscious" experience; possible universe, considered in its entirety. The *modus operandi* by which will ensures the actualised universe, I have tried, I hope successfully, to work out in "Heresies".

We have now to consider a third product of Cause Absolute. As the existence of cause, which, as idea, is immediate experience, transcends experience, as the real "subject" (soul), so, also, the existence of "object", which, as idea, is immediate experience, transcends experience. Metaphysic has to find the real object. The only existence we can imagine, as transcending idea (mind) is will (which we also empirically identify through hypnotic phenomena). Hence, "object", as well as "subject", is will. I call the object the matter-soul, and show that it interacts with the soul analogously as souls, as hypnotist and hypnotic, interact. The result, involving what I term hypnotism of the matter-soul, is that the soul, as I picture, "glances" at the universe (mind), so causing objects of sense and involving our empirical distinction between subjective and objective.

Yours truly,

H. CROFT HILLER.

#### RELIGIOUS POETRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kessingland, 27 August, 1902.

SIR,—The author of "A Poet of Devotion" asserts that "after one has remembered the 'Christian Year' and the 'Poems of Christina Rossetti' and 'Lead, kindly Light', one has perhaps named nearly all the poetry which is religious that the nineteenth century has brought". May I inquire whether Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" is overlooked through ignorance, or whether its undisputed literary claims, so ably expounded by the musician who rescued it from the author's waste-paper basket, are to be impeached?

Yours truly,

MARY DAVIS.

#### THE LARGE TORTOISE-SHELL IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ravenscourt Park, 4 Sept. 1902.

SIR,—I believe that the learned persons who know enough of butterflies to speak of them by their Latin names say that the large tortoise-shell butterfly (*V. Polychloros*) is scarce in England and that we need hardly expect to see it in London. I think I know enough to tell the difference between the large and the small tortoise-shell (*V. Urticæ*) and in Ravenscourt Park the other day I saw both together so that I had them for comparison under my eyes.

Yours, &c.

G. H. K.



## REVIEWS.

## SHERIDAN IN HIS WORKSHOP.

"Sheridan's Plays now printed as he wrote them, and his Mother's unpublished Comedy A Journey to Bath." Edited by W. Fraser Rae. With an Introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. London: Nutt. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

THE author of "The Rivals", of "The School for Scandal" and of "The Critic" is, and must always be among the classics of English comedy, and the publication of this volume makes an epoch in Sheridanian literature. For the first time Sheridan's plays are, with the exception of "The Rivals", the manuscript of which has been lost, printed from his own autographs, and exactly as he wrote them. The importance of this will be apparent from a brief review of the history of the text as it appears in current editions. The only play which Sheridan himself prepared for publication was "The Rivals", which appeared shortly after its production on the stage in 1775, and this is now a very scarce book. The others existed only in manuscript and when published were published from stage copies. In 1821 Moore the Poet and his friend Wilkie were commissioned by John Murray to prepare an edition of the collected plays for the press, together with a biography of the author. The edition duly appeared, but without the biography which did not follow till 1825. For the text Wilkie seems to have been responsible; he printed it from stage copies where great liberties had been taken with the original text, and he took great liberties with it himself. Even in "The Rivals" where Sheridan had himself settled the text Wilkie altered or suppressed as he thought proper. Thus with absurd squeamishness he cut out the passage from Mrs. Malaprop's letter to Sir Lucius O'Trigger "As my motive is interested you may be assured my love shall never be miscellaneous" as well as the words preceding her signature "Yours while meretricious". Where Thomas asks what sort of place Bath is, Fag replied in a passage also excised by Wilkie: "At present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians; however, for my part I have resolved to stand neuter, and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee". Another longer and more important speech, put into the mouth of Sir Anthony Absolute when talking to Mrs. Malaprop about circulating libraries was also, for what reason it is difficult to see, deleted by Wilkie. The texts of "The School for Scandal", of "The Duenna", and of "The Critic", have been similarly tampered with, so that the reader of the plays is never sure that he is reading what Sheridan actually wrote, all the printed texts being simply replicas of Wilkie's, or in other words mere reprints of Murray's edition of 1821. As Sheridan took immense pains with composition, studying and weighing scrupulously every phrase and every epithet, it is most important that we should have his text as it came from his pen, and this, thanks to Mr. Fraser Rae, we now at last possess. It is perhaps a little ungrateful to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but we cannot help regretting that so important a contribution to classical dramatic literature should have been introduced in so perfunctory a manner. Lord Dufferin's jejune and rambling introduction was surely not worth printing at all, and Mr. Fraser Rae might with advantage have been a little more sparing in the use of paste and scissors. What man on earth cares to wade through nearly eighteen closely printed octavo pages of anonymous press notices of "The Rivals"? Surely if such notices were introduced—and a few would undoubtedly have been interesting—they should have been judiciously distributed in relation to all the plays and not confined indiscriminately and in a mass to "The Rivals". Mr. Fraser Rae had ample opportunity as well as ample material for a critical introduction worthy of the occasion, but he has frittered both away in a series of hurried and desultory notes which seem to indicate an impatient desire to get rid as expeditiously as possible of an unwelcome task.

Few people are aware of the enormous labour expended by Sheridan on the composition of his plays

from the moment of their inception to the latest possibility of an improving touch. If ever Carlyle's definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains had literal illustration it was in the author of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal". His plays might indeed be almost said to be compiled. If in society or in the green-room he heard a striking remark down it went in a note-book. Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Molière—the novelists and comic dramatists of the eighteenth century were ransacked for suggestions and hints; speeches made on the hustings or in Parliaments, political pamphlets, popular satires and broadsheets, the very gossip of the newspapers themselves were watchfully laid under contribution. He scarcely ever invented a character or originated a scene or position. Joseph and Charles Surface were suggested by Fielding's Blifil and Tom Jones, Sir Fretful and Puff by his Trapwit—the details of the first being supplied by the living Cumberland: Smollett's Matthew Bramble and Tabitha suggested Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop: Bob Acres is deduced from Shakespeare's "Ague-Cheek". Sir Benjamin Backbite is a study from Congreve. The intrigue in the "Duenna" is adapted from Wycherley's "Country Wife": "The Trip to Scarborough" is an adaptation of Vanbrugh's "Relapse": the plot of "The Critic" is borrowed from Buckingham's "Rehearsal" with touches from Fielding's "Pasquin" and "Author's Farce". The famous scandal scene in the "School for Scandal" is adapted from Molière's "Misanthrope" with touches from Wycherley's "Plain Dealer". Some of his most brilliant epigrams are directly transferred from other authors. For example Sir Fretful's remark "Steal! to be sure they may: and egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own" which is transferred—"convoyd the wise it call"—from Churchill:—

Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worse  
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,  
Defacing first, then claiming for their own.

And this is typical of many scores of others.

But if any English writer could proudly say with Molière, when accused of borrowing, "C'est mon bien, et je le repréens partout où je le trouve" it was Sheridan. He never borrowed where he did not improve and what he did not make his own, either by its setting or by some transforming touch or, as is more generally the case, by both. Moore has illustrated how "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" were slowly evolved, or, to change the figure, grew by successive excisions or accretions to what they are. First we have a crude sketch, diffuse commonplace even dull dialogues, and perfectly irrelevant scenes. Thus there are no less than three sketches of "The School for Scandal". The first could scarcely be recognised as the origin of the present play: in the second, the quarrels of old Teazle and his wife, the attachment between Maria and one of the Plausibles and the intrigue of Mrs. Teazle with the other form the sole materials of the drama. Even when the drama had assumed its almost final form whole scenes were suppressed or transposed and the dialogue of some entirely re-written. Of Sheridan's fastidious care about trifles some conception may be formed from the fact that Charles Surface was successively named Clerimont Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant, Young Harrier and lastly Frank, his elder brother Plausible, Pliable, Young Pliant, and Tom before the present names were fixed upon. In four or five of his memorandum books appears, written with various trifling variations, Lady Teazle's remark: "So then you would have me sin in my own defence and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation". An interesting illustration of his method of work is afforded by the following. In one of his note books he has jotted down, "A sort of broker in scandal who transfers lies without fees". In the original draught of "The School for Scandal" this passage is put in the mouth of Sir Peter: "People who utter a tale of scandal, knowing it to be forged, deserve the pillory more than for a forged bank-note. They can't pass the lie without putting their names on the back of it. You say no person has a right to come on you

because you didn't invent it, but you should know that if the drawer of the lie is out of the way the injured party has a right to come on any of the indorsers." In the present text this is reduced to

*Mrs. Candour.*—But sure you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir P.*—Yes, madam, I would have Law Merchant for them too, and in all cases of slander-currency, whenever the drawer of a lie was not to be found the injured party should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Of his scrupulous care about the minutiae of composition we have a striking illustration in Lady Teazle's remark in the scene with Sir Peter in the second act: "That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter: and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow". So the text stood and still stays, but in a copy of the play given to Lady Crewe Sheridan corrected it thus "That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter, and after having married you, I am sure I should never pretend to taste again". In the description of Trip's birthday clothes the words "with the gloss on" and "with the gloss on them" were four or five times altered and re-altered, before he satisfied himself that the "them" should be omitted.

A variorum edition of Sheridan's plays which is now possible could not fail to be of great interest to all students of style and language, as well as to all who would know a part at least of the secret of literary immortality.

#### AN IDEAL SIBERIA.

"The Real Siberia, together with an Account of a Dash through Manchuria." By John Foster Fraser. London: Cassell. 1902. 6s.

AUTHORS have great difficulty in finding original titles for their books, so Mr. Foster Fraser may be pardoned for calling his account of a journey across Russian Asia "The Real Siberia". The country he visited and describes is not the Siberia of convention, but that carefully chosen better part through which the railways have been built. Along the line new settlements have been formed, and by the expenditure of much money, these, with their pretty churches, extensive immigrant homes, schools, and official residences have the semblance of thriving little colonies. Just as sham towns were raised in the South of Russia to impress Catherine II, and house-fronts put up in the skorodom of Moscow to please Alexander I, so, on a much more elaborate scale, much of the new Siberia opened up by the railway has been created in order to suggest wealth and prosperity. The "gaunt, lone land inhabited only by convicts" still exists side by side with the railway settlements of the newer Siberia Mr. Fraser most entertainingly describes. It is by this better land that Russia wishes to be judged; she has done her best there. Then comes an optimistic, keenly observant, kindly disposed journalist desirous of seeing things for himself and representing things as they are to the great British public. Forthwith he is provided with official recommendations, passes and suitable advice. With the result of his observations Russian officialdom has every reason to be satisfied, if the British public has not. Mr. Fraser would not willingly misinform; it is not his intention to mislead, but his book exemplifies particularly the limitations of the journalist. He is in a hurry; he is alert for "points"; nothing is too trivial to record, and the infinitely great must be comprehended in an epigram. Facts get out of focus, but the personal impression is always definite and unmistakable. The reader is informed what the Russian officer's wife did with her cigarette ends, and the author with his pipe, but of the Russian railway advance on Peking no more than that it is "a line not so much in the air only as we Britishers would like". Again, "in every hotel, in every restaurant, I saw the familiar bottles of familiar English sauces". "But Russia has laid hold on the East."

There are some curious misstatements. At Nerchinsk-Zavod, whether the summer heat is 95° in the shade or not, the ground is certainly thawed to a greater depth than two feet. It was General Gribski, Governor of

the Amur province, and not General Chichagov, Governor of the Primorski territory, who was responsible for the horrible massacre of the Chinese at Blagoveshchensk in 1900. The men are most unlike, and the two provinces are as distinct and distant as are Cape Colony and Natal. Absurd on the face of it is the statement that "every man in Western Siberia has a grant of some thirty-two English square miles, and in some cases an additional grant of six miles of forest", which is some 26,199 acres in excess of the right to occupy some paltry forty odd acres actually granted to each family. The tunnel east of Baikal is not the first passed since Moscow; the church bells are not struck with a wooden hammer to ring them; the Cathedral of Irkutsk is not some distance from the town, but in the centre of it, and the Angara is a tributary of the Irkut in the same sense as the Thames is a tributary of Coln Brook. Green braid on the uniform indicates the common engineer, a civilian, not "that part of the army which guards the frontiers of the Czar's dominions". Mr. Fraser clips Russian place names, which is perhaps excusable, but he ignores spelling usually, and Mindenken is his rendering of Mendukhé, and Katiska Rasiez of Kitaiski Raz-yezd.

Trifling mistakes do not detract from the general interest of a book which may be welcomed as a serious attempt to combat the prevalent erroneous conception of Siberia as a barren prison land, peopled with badly-used exiles, and harshly-treated criminals at the mercy of brutal officials. If it does not convey the whole truth; if it pictures an ideal rather than the real Siberia it will do much to impart a fuller knowledge of Russian aims and Russian character as exemplified in the praiseworthy endeavours made to develop the Russian heritage in the east. As a narrative of personal adventure it deserves high praise, and its author renders his country a service in insisting upon a British Consular Agency being established at Vladivostok, where eleven other countries are officially represented, whereas Great Britain has no one anywhere in Siberia, a territory nearly three times as large as Europe. In many ways it is more entertaining than fiction, for it is written in a light, chatty, humorous vein by one who was always in high spirits and knows how to amuse and at the same time instruct the average reader. Possibly the light gossip is at times inappropriate and in places simplicity would have been preferable, for the yield of pay earth is better expressed as being a half-ounce to the ton, than as "¾ oz. to the ton and half". As to the statement that "High over the river is the residence of the Governor-General, a first-rate museum, chiefly filled with loot as the result of the Chinese disturbances—robes and cannon, carts and coffins, and also a library with some forty thousand books", the reader may be assured here that General Grodekof does not live in the town museum, nor is his house filled with loot.

The many illustrations are excellent; the subjects are well chosen and really illustrate Siberia, but the typographical errors are numerous enough to turn the author's hair white, and are such as usually found only in English books printed abroad.

#### THE WHIG HERODOTUS.

"Supplement to Burnet's History of My Own Times." By H. C. Foxcroft. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1902. 16s. net.

BURNET is indispensable to all who are interested in the Revolution, and every word that he has written on the subject ought to be made available in a convenient form. It is true that he is not a great historian either in his style or in his knowledge of human nature. But few writers are more instructive as guides to the history of their own times. He is wanting in humour, he is cumbrous and long-winded, and he is more than a little inclined to talk the cant of his profession. But he may fairly be called the Whig Herodotus, and was at least as good a historian as the Whigs deserved. Those who only know his personality from the cursory and slighting notices of later writers may find some



difficulty in understanding how he could be either accurate or lively. Tradition sees in him nothing more than a vain, long-winded, awkward Scotsman always making mischief, always a laughing-stock to friends and enemies. The best corrective to such misconceptions will be found in the Autobiography which is now for the first time printed by Miss Foxcroft. We may not be able to endorse in every respect the judgment which Burnet passes on himself; but the sterling good qualities by which his obvious shortcomings were redeemed shine through every page of this ingenuous narrative. We can see that he was a party man; but we realise that party feeling assumed a higher form in him than in many men of greater influence and more brilliant gifts. He was an Anglican rather than a Whig and he steered his course in politics with an eye to nothing but the interests of his Church. This, it is true, would not be enough in itself to differentiate him from the common sort of fanatics. But it is further to be remembered that he took a singularly generous and enlightened view of the Church's interests. He hated every form of persecution and, while fully alive to the advantages of ample endowments and political influence, consistently maintained that the Church was primarily a spiritual community working for spiritual ends. His thought upon religious subjects was by no means free from the reproach of conventionality. But he was essentially an idealist, and as such commanded the respect of all high-minded men in his own generation. He was liked and trusted even by those who had a poor opinion of his practical ability. And he made good use of the opportunities which his popularity threw in his way. Although profoundly interested in his own ideas he had a natural sympathy for whatever was best in the minds of other men, and could appreciate their point of view without abandoning his own. There never was a man more quick to recognise the most various forms of merit, or more eager to vindicate his likings to the world. Hence he has given us a rich and valuable collection of portraits, and thanks to him we are saved from the fatal error of explaining the conduct of every actor in that memorable epoch as the result of calculated selfishness. He enables us to realise that even in that most political of generations thought was busy with other things than politics, that magnanimity, enthusiasm, and regard for moral law counted for much in determining the course of history. His method of portraiture leaves something to be wished from the artistic point of view. He is prolix in his descriptions of men; he returns again and again to the same point; he misses the finer shades of character and is blind to the humorous or paradoxical aspects of his personages; when he writes of good men he is far from profound, and his knaves are painted as black as he can make them. Yet those who can make allowances for his undisguised and very natural prejudices will derive from him a fairly accurate idea of all the men whom he describes from personal knowledge; that is to say of nearly all the statesmen who counted for good or evil in the England of 1660-1713.

He has his merits also as a political historian. Of course he makes no pretence to write an exhaustive narrative. Dates and the details of treaties, conferences and parliamentary debates must be looked for elsewhere. His rule was to confine himself as far as possible to those facts which he had special opportunities of knowing. But his opportunities were large. All his life he moved in the society of statesmen, and once or twice was privileged to enter the inner councils of his party. No doubt a responsible minister would think twice before disclosing secrets of State to a man so notoriously talkative as Burnet. His friends often concealed their projects from him, but their reminiscences were placed at his disposal. He had seen enough of the great world to know how political business in general was transacted, and, although he was ill fitted to unravel a tangled skein of truth and falsehood, or to weigh nicely balanced probabilities of evidence, still he had a natural shrewdness which saved him from believing the grosser misrepresentations of history which passed current in the society which he frequented. It may well be the case that in many particular instances he was deceived, and

that some of his most circumstantial stories were pure fabrications. But there is no doubt that the general idea of political methods and motives which we derive from him is substantially correct.

As to his share in making the History which he wrote the Autobiography is our best guide. It was written towards the end of his life when the self-complacency which tinged the first draft of his memoirs had partially evaporated. It shows him as one who influenced the public more than statesmen; who failed egregiously when he attempted to shape the political theories of his countrymen, and spent his old age in explaining away the statements about royal authority to which he had committed himself in youth. But it also brings into relief his services to the cause of toleration. He was converted to this cause in his youth and defended it against attack throughout his life. The arguments on which he relies were less refined than those of Locke, and like the philosopher he fell short of logical consistency in his conclusions. But his views, however incomplete, were far in advance of those held by the majority of his countrymen, and it is certain that his influence did much to reconcile a reluctant electorate to the Toleration Act. To have assisted in eliminating a mischievous prejudice from the national mind, to have partially repaired a great wrong, to have prevented religious schism from permanently tainting civil life with its acrimony, would be no mean distinction in itself. Though a politician by accident, and often grossly at fault, Burnet even as a politician is one of the most notable figures of the Revolutionary epoch.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press deserve some credit for the frankness with which they admit the shortcomings of their own publications, but they must not be surprised if the public expresses irritation when invited to purchase errata and addenda in this expensive form. It is true that there has been no previous opportunity of publishing some part of the material here collected by Miss Foxcroft. But a good deal of it ought to have been incorporated in Dr. Airy's edition of the early part of Burnet's memoirs. Von Ranke long ago pointed out that Burnet, in revising his first draft for the press, was impelled by caution or party feeling to strike out a number of interesting passages and to soften some of his most racy criticisms. We should have expected an editor of Dr. Airy's reputation to follow up this clue and to ascertain whether the list of alterations which Von Ranke framed was tolerably complete. This could have been done without much difficulty. The extant portions of Burnet's first draft are by no means inaccessible. A cursory examination of them would have been enough to show that Von Ranke had barely skimmed the cream of the unpublished passages. But Dr. Airy's edition was published without this necessary precaution being taken, and it has been left for Miss Foxcroft to make the necessary collation. It is not her fault that this piece of work should have been so tardily performed, and historians owe her a debt of gratitude. But we cannot help feeling that the Delegates have made inadequate reparation for the defects of what purported to be a final edition of Burnet's work. The best amends which they could offer, in the circumstances, would be to let Miss Foxcroft continue the new edition from the point at which Dr. Airy abandoned it. She has proved that the earlier editions stand in need of revision, and, as she has been at the pains to collect the materials on which the revised text should be based, it would be only fair to give her the full credit for so useful and laborious a work.

#### HASTINGS' BIBLE DICTIONARY.

"A Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by James Hastings. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1902. 28s.

THE fourth volume of the Dictionary of the Bible brings this important work to a close. It has already established its position as a standard authority on Biblical subjects, which possesses the merit of combining the scientific with the religious temper, and of presenting the results of the best scholarship in a sober,

straightforward manner. It is not necessary to draw out a comparison between the Dictionary and its more adventurous contemporary the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. The two enterprises have different aims in view, and there is room for both of them. By all means let us see criticism actually at work over the whole ground; it may not be the criticism of to-day, perhaps it will not be the criticism of to-morrow; but there is a fascination about pioneer-work conducted on scientific principles which appeals strongly to those who are engaged upon this field of study. For ordinary purposes of reference, however, we fancy that the Dictionary will be found more practically useful. The only serious fault we have to find with it is the length of some of the articles. In this new volume the contributions of Graf von Baudissin on Priests and Levites, Professor Warfield on Predestination, Professor Porter on the Book of Revelation, with all their thoroughness, are more like elaborate treatises than convenient summaries of information. Dr. Driver's articles are models of what we want in a book of reference. Mr. Headlam writes an interesting account of Simon Magus, who plays such an extraordinary part in patristic literature and in certain schools of modern criticism; Mr. Stenning on the Books of Samuel is admirably clear and serviceable; the articles on the different Versions by Mr. Bebb, Professor Nestle, Mr. Redpath, and Mr. Milligan, are all excellent; Mr. H. J. White on the Vulgate and Dr. Kenyon on Greek MSS. and papyri write with the fulness and authority of experts. One of the best things in this volume is the late Professor A. B. Davidson's article on Prophecy and Prophets. It is significant of the vast change which has taken place in the interpretation of the Old Testament. Each age has interpreted prophecy according to its standards of criticism. To former generations this "deepest movement of the human spirit" appeared to possess little more than an apologetic value as witnessing to the truth of Christian doctrines; a truer understanding seeks to interpret prophecy not from without but from within. On the one hand we are learning that first and foremost the prophets have a message for their own times; they are intensely concerned with the movements of history, and in particular with the impending crisis which is charged with momentous consequences for their countrymen. On the other hand, there is an element in prophecy which belongs to the history, not of the present, but of the future; it is this ideal element which connects the Old Testament with the New. Dr. Davidson clearly distinguishes the wider and the narrower sense of the term Messianic. In the wider sense it denotes "the consummation and perfection of the kingdom and people of God"; in the narrower sense it refers to "a personage, the Messiah, who is, not always but often, a commanding figure in this perfect condition of the kingdom". The prophetic ideals, we observe, are the rich development of the prophetic monotheism. Even when the Messiah is present, Jehovah is always the Saviour. From the unity of God it was safe to argue to the future unity of mankind; the moral perfection of the race was an inference from the moral being of God. And here again we mark the close connexion between prophecy and history. It was after the exile that the ideals of the glory and perfection of the kingdom of God were most vividly conceived; it was then also that the contrast between them and the actual disappointment of the present was most acutely felt; hence prophetic spirits were led to postpone their hopes and visions, and to project them into the future.

In his article on the Book of Sirach, Professor Nestle makes an acute examination of the newly discovered Hebrew fragments which have excited so much interest among scholars. It is certainly true that the discovery of these texts has opened a new era in the history of the book; where we were told to "bow down the neck of our children from their youth" (vii. 23), we are now advised to "marry them early". The four MSS. which contain the Hebrew fragments belong to the same period, the eleventh century; but they do not belong to any single version, for they often give different renderings of the same passage. Nor can they be considered to represent, as they stand, the Hebrew original. We come upon verses which actually retranslate the Greek text,

corruptions, glosses and all; others are obviously dependent upon the Syriac version; and at the same time—this is the curiosity—the very MS. which exhibits these phenomena contains out-of-the-way words which no mere translator would ever have hit upon, and therefore clearly belong to the Hebrew original. It looks as if these fragments were experiments in retranslation which have worked in the original here and there. It will be seen how complicated the problem is, and how much patient work remains to be done before we can arrive at the original text of Sirach on the basis of these fragments. Dr. Sanday and Dr. Driver have written exceptionally valuable articles on the titles "Son of God" and "Son of Man". A good deal of controversy has been going on lately about the origin and meaning of the latter title, so that Dr. Driver's conclusions will be read with much interest. The title "Son of Man" is more frequent than any other in the Gospels, and it is found only in the mouth of Christ Himself; all the evidence shows that it was a characteristic feature of our Lord's self-revelation. There can be no doubt that as a rule our Lord spoke Aramaic; but in ordinary Aramaic there is no way of expressing "son of man": "bar nāshā" lit. "son of man" is merely the equivalent of "man", the distinctive force of "bar" i.e. "son" being no longer felt; and in this sense the title would obviously have no special significance. Consequently an influential German scholar has arrived at the startling conclusion that our Lord never used this title of Himself at all! Dr. Driver finds a way out of this apparent dilemma. He reminds us that we have no actual knowledge of the Aramaic spoken in our Lord's time; the Aramaic for "Son of Man" can only be inferred from the usage of a later period; and it is quite possible that our Lord employed the expression, an uncommon but an idiomatic one, which is found in the Aramaic versions of the Gospels, "b'reh d'nāshā" lit. his "son, that of man". Our Lord probably did not always speak Aramaic, and this title, which runs so naturally in Greek, sometimes may have been heard from His lips in the form we have it now. As to the significance of the title there is great diversity of opinion. It does not seem to have been a generally accepted title of the Messiah in our Lord's day; and yet, when He used it in the predictions of the Second Advent at the close of His ministry, it would have recalled the similar expression in Daniel, which was understood messianically. Hence it did not reveal His messiahship at once, and yet did not deny it. We believe that Dr. Driver is perfectly right when he says that the title was intended to "designate Jesus as the Man in whom human nature was most fully and deeply realised, and who was the most complete exponent of its capacities".

#### THE LAND OF FOLK-LORE.

"Zufi Folk Tales." By F. H. Cushing. New York and London: Putnams. 1902. 15s. net.

MR. CUSHING has given us another delightful collection of folk-tales from the Pueblo region of America. He has taken them from the lips of his Indian friends and translated them into English with a masterly hand. Perhaps something of the simplicity of the originals has been lost in the process, but the result is a volume of high literary merit which can be enjoyed by readers who have no pretensions to be "scientific." The tales deal, as usual, with animals, or rather with the divine ancestors of the animals of to-day, who have become the gods of the Pueblo people. As Mr. Powell points out in his introduction, the world of primitive man is peopled with animal forms; between men, brutes, plants, stars, lands, water and rocks no distinction is drawn; all alike have souls, misty creations which veil themselves under material shapes. Whatever moves has life, and life and soul are interchangeable terms. Man reads his own feelings and motives into the objects around him, and believes them to be moved by the same springs of action as himself.

The first tale given by Mr. Cushing is a pretty story which he has entitled "The Trial of Lovers." It illustrates that desire to explain how things come to be



what they are which underlies the greater part of the primitive philosophy which we call folk-lore. The lovers woo a maiden who impersonates the stinging gnats, and one by one leave unfinished the task set them for the conquest of her hand when stung by the mosquitoes she sends against them. At last a lover comes, gentle and good, who is instructed by his grandmother to rub his body with the bark of finger-root, the bitterness of which drives the plague of insects away. Only the "long-beak" mosquito succeeds in keeping hold of the flesh, but does so at the cost of warping his hind legs out of shape and burning his snout with the bitter root.

A curious story is that which describes how the coyotes endeavoured to kidnap the "children" who danced the sacred *kaka* dance, a photograph of which is given by Mr. Cushing. A great variety of masks and costumes are worn by the dancers, many of them representing animals or personifications of animal attributes. Each member of the dance bears on his back freshly slain deer, antelopes, rabbits and other game, made up in packages and decorated with tufts of evergreen. Nothing can show better how completely men and animals are identified together. Another curious story is that of "The Rattlesnakes". As usual, the rattlesnakes "were once a people", who could become snakes, as we learn from another story, by putting on their serpentine skins. The original cause of the transformation, however, was the accidental death of a little girl, which so afflicted the mother and her neighbours that they swooned away, wriggling on the ground. When they tried to rise again, they found that they had lost their human form. "Therefore", adds the narrator, "we kill them not needlessly, nor waste the lives even of other animals without cause".

One of the tales in the book, "The Cock and the Mouse", is an interesting illustration of the readiness with which folk-tales are adopted and adapted by one people from another. In 1886 Mr. Cushing told the Indian story of "The Cock and the Mouse" to three Zuni, and a year later, to his surprise, heard the same story in a Zuni dress from one of them. The Indian version is a good deal longer than the original, and so thoroughly has it been adapted to the spirit of Zuni folk-lore and the Zuni point of view that its foreign derivation could never have been suspected. The fact is a warning to folk-lorists, and at the same time a confirmation of the theories which trace a part of European folk-lore to an oriental source.

A point to which Mr. Powell draws attention in his introduction is one that has a direct bearing on the question of the origin of sacrifice. This is the importance of what he calls altar-worship in savage life. The altar forms a centre for representations "of the thing for which supplication is made: ears of corn or vases of meal, ewers of water, parts of animals designed for food, cakes of grasshoppers, basins of honey, in fine any kind of food; then crystals or fragments of rock to signify that they desire the corn to be hard, or of honeydew that they desire the corn to be sweet". These representations and symbols pass in time into a sacrificial cult. The objects are believed to supply food and sustenance to the spirits in the other world, and so become animal sacrifices or offerings of meal and wine. The two stages in the process of development can be observed in the Zuni tales. It is not the first time that folk-lore has rendered assistance to the history of religion by suggesting theories or confirming those which have been already formed. And nowhere has the folk-lorist a richer or more promising field than among the Pueblos of America. Zuni folk-lore is still in large part pure and unmixed, and the people who recite and believe in it are still in the same mental and religious stage of development as that in which it first took its rise.

#### NOVELS.

"The Mystery of the Sea." By Bram Stoker. London: Heinemann. 1902. 6s.

It is amiable on Mr. Stoker's part to give readers their full money's worth of mysteries, but the result is that his story is rather overcrowded. First of all we

have a good deal of second-sight, item a buried treasure, item an old castle with secret passages, item the Spanish-American war, item a once-aboard-the-lugger-and-she's-mine episode; finally, of all things in this and the next world, Francis Bacon's bi-literal cipher! They are dovetailed together with great ingenuity, but the promise of the supernatural in the opening chapters is not sustained, and it is a distinct anti-climax to find that an innocent fisherman is drowned at Lammastide in fulfilment of an old Gaelic prophecy only in order that the lover of an American young woman may find and fail to keep a treasure lost in the Spanish Armada. There is further a Hebridean witch with a very odd habit of speaking in Lowland Scotch of the Kailyard school. As for the cipher (which is apparently used by a Spaniard of the Armada to express a narrative in modern English), it is enough to make Francis Bacon turn in his grave at Stratford-on-Avon to find his system enabling a young lady who is being kidnapped through secret passages to make messages in the dust of ages with her toes. In spite of all, the first half of the story moves slowly. The supernatural is used once with real effect, when the hero by resting his hand on the dead witch's eyes can see the initial steps of a tragedy in a mist-enshrouded ship. But on the whole Mr. Stoker is hardly justified in framing such colossal machinery to produce results more simply attained by less ambitious sensationalists.

"Holy Matrimony." By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde). London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

Madame de Longgarde writes with a quaint foreign accent, that is not displeasing and seems appropriate to the Austrian scenes so vividly depicted. "There! he is moving. I shall fetch some water", one of her characters exclaims; "no doubt there would be plenty other opportunities for discussing the future", a sick man reflects; and sometimes an utterly exotic word is coined, as for instance: "trust a cavalry lieutenant for flaring out the best kitchen and the best cellars in any neighbourhood". The moral of the story is that marriage "does not do without money, but also it does not do with money alone". To point this, we have two sisters: one marries a rich, repulsive boor, whose yearnings unintentionally arouse sympathy; the other makes a love-match and is lacerated by all the pin-pricks of poverty. Neither experiment is a success, but that may have been partly due to the temperaments of the heroines. A clever, depressing story, weighed down with detail but not destitute of witty relief.

"A King's Woman: being the Narrative of Miss Penelope Fayle, now Mistress Frobisher, concerning the late Troublous Times in Ireland." By Katharine Tynan. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1902. 6s.

We transcribe at length the title of Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's story of the '98, because it illustrates the unreal archaism of her language. Young ladies living in the days of Miss Edgeworth and Tom Moore did not write Richardsonian English. The "narrative", however, makes a very readable story, and the author resists the temptation of piling up horrors which could, unhappily, be paralleled from the real record of the times. Miss Penelope Fayle's sympathies were divided, as were those of many Irish gentlewomen when a rebellion inaugurated by Protestants of position developed into a Roman Catholic jacquerie against which the "loyalist" irregulars often fought like savages. In fact those who wish to know what "methods of barbarism" really are might turn to this terrible page of history. Perhaps, for this reason, Mrs. Hinkson might find periods much more fitted for treatment in fiction. Memories are long in Ireland, and the fear to speak of '98 has a very rational side. Still, the heroine of this novel is an agreeable young woman whose happiness is well deserved.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Blockade of Brest, 1803-5." Vol. II. Edited by John Leyland. London: Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1902.

This is a further collection of documents relating to Cornwallis' blockading operations. The book opens with a series of letters which have reference to Captain Puget's scheme for destroying the French by means of fireships. It seems to have offered a fair chance of success, and it may be assumed that Cornwallis, on the spot, was a better judge of its feasibility than Melville's naval colleagues at the Admiralty. Captain Hurd's plan to seize Ushant and Molène and utilise Douarnenez Bay as an anchorage appears to have met with but qualified approval from the admiral, though the latter in his letter to Lord Melville admitted the practical advantage of making use of Douarnenez Bay. It is only by glancing through the despatches of the different admirals employed on the work of blockade that it is possible to realise what an anxious time they must have had. How far Calder was to blame for not renewing his action with Villeneuve, it is difficult to say. He evidently assumed that the enemy had suffered more damage than proved to be the case. Captain Bacon has pointed out that the history of wars cannot record "the apparently trivial considerations of wind, weather and expected gales, strong tides, cranky masts, and rotten canvas", which largely influenced decisions of seamen in sailing days and dictated the strategy adopted. Whether the great invasion scheme was ever intended to be followed up will probably always afford matter for discussion. The weight of evidence goes to show it was meant that it should be carried out. Admiral Colomb in "Naval Warfare", after carefully balancing the arguments, came to the conclusion that Napoleon was in earnest. The letters here given distinctly show the Emperor's anxiety "as the time drew near when the arrival of Villeneuve off Brest was to be expected". Political opportunism had much to do with the execution of the Emperor's military strategical plans, and this has always to be taken into consideration. These letters and reports which deal with the blockade are not only historically valuable, for the variation of style and occasional personal touches found in them help to give us a better insight into the characters of their writers than the most carefully compiled history on the subjects of which they treat.

"Types of British Plants." By C. S. Colman. London: Sands. 1902. 6s.

This is a volume in "The Library for Young Naturalists" under the general editorship of Mr. F. G. Aflalo, and we welcome it as another attempt to present elementary botany in a less repulsive form than finds favour with the scientific person. There is quite sufficient of the technical element in Mr. Colman's pages, but not enough to make them uninteresting. The youngster who has been through a course of South Kensington botany at school, and then gets this book to read, will receive a shock; for he will find that plants are really living creatures with ways of their own, and quite worth knowing as such. But why should the author have selected so misleading a title? He by no means sticks to the British flora. Sometimes exotic species are referred to legitimately enough, but too often they are introduced so loosely as to lead the unsophisticated reader to suppose they are indigenous. Thus, the spruce, the larch, and the Lombardy poplar are described under the heading of "The Forest Trees of Great Britain" without a word as to their foreign origin, and then a few pages later the author apologises for including the horse chestnut in a chapter on British trees, thus leading the reader to suppose those previously mentioned were real natives. The outline illustrations in the text are as a rule very good and helpful, but why *Iris germanica* should be selected to illustrate a description of our common yellow *Iris*, we cannot make out. We regret not to be able to commend the full-page illustrations which are mostly misleading and poorly drawn. The best of these is the frontispiece depicting what the artist calls the common Swiss thistle. Have we no native thistle worthy of being taken as a type of a British plant? "Stands Scotland where it did?"

"Nature in New Zealand." By James Drummond. Christchurch, N.Z.: Whitcombe and Tombs. 1s. 6d.

A very clear sketch of nature in New Zealand admirably suited for children. For the English naturalist New Zealand is especially interesting as it provides the best example of the risks of interfering with the natural products of a country. The introduction of European plants caused the native insects to increase at such a pace that all the crops were destroyed. In order to check this destruction European birds had to be brought in and owing to the isolation of the country it was necessary to select birds which were both grain and insect feeders. Now there is an outcry against the damage done to the crops by the birds. The very numerous illustrations are clear and representative.

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

Home and School Library: "Plato's Republic." By Lewis Campbell. 2s. "A First Course of Chemistry (Heuristic)." By J. H. Leonard. 1s. 6d. London: Murray. 1902.

Messrs. Longmans' Home and School Library continues to increase and multiply. One of the latest additions is a short study of Plato's Republic by Professor Lewis Campbell. Professor Campbell's little book if it does not contribute anything that is strikingly new may have the good effect of inducing some of its readers to study the Republic either in the original or in the excellent translations that abound. It is a pity that since Professor Campbell decided to append references to his chapters he did not make them somewhat fuller. The average student for whom he writes can scarcely be expected to have any acquaintance with the Miss Hutchinson whose poem is said to have excited the risibility of Shelley. Mr. Leonard's "First Course in Chemistry" is arranged on Heuristic lines. We are especially pleased to note the stress he lays on the desirability of utilising the pupil's written description of his experimental work as an exercise in English composition. The "Instructions to Workers" are excellent. Those relating to accidents with acids might well be copied out and hung in a conspicuous place in the laboratory by the side of other official rules and regulations.

"Social Life in England. From Saxon Times to 1603." By John Finnemore. 1s. 6d. net. "Famous Englishmen." Book II.: Cromwell to Roberts. By John Finnemore. 1s. 4d. net. Black's School Shakespeare: 1. "Henry IV. part I." Edited by H. W. Orde. 2. "Richard III." Edited by T. W. Lyde. 1s. net each. London: Black. 1902.

The Picture Shakespeare: "Richard II." 1s.; "Milton's Lycidas." Edited by H. B. Cotterill. 1s. 6d. London: Blackie. 1902.

"Lyra Seriorum: a little Book of Verse for Sunday Reading." By J. A. Nicklin. 8d. "A First Course of Essay-writing." By J. H. Fowler. 6d. London: Black. 1902.

Mr. Finnemore's "Social Life in England" supplies a want felt by many teachers. The illustrations in the main really illustrate the text. We feel compelled, however, to cavil at that of the arblast, which for lack of any object in the picture with which to compare it might be anything from three to fifteen feet in length. In poking fun at Edward II.'s doctor and his method of treating smallpox, Mr. Finnemore is on dangerous ground. Some of the more recent experiments in light-cures have shown that there is probably something in John of Gaddesdon's quaint remedy. Messrs. Black and Blackie appear to be also rivals in their series of school Shakespeares. For our part we see little object in a picture Shakespeare in which the pictures are necessarily imaginary. Messrs. Black's series though lacking in this doubtful attraction contain far fuller introductions to the plays and are printed in bolder type, while the notes are very properly cut down to a minimum. We do not wish to decry unduly the "Picture Shakespeare" which is well edited, but "le mieux est toujours l'ennemi du bien". Mr. Cotterill's "Lycidas" is a more erudite production. Most schoolmasters will be apt to regard 105 pages of introduction and notes to 64 pages of text as somewhat analogous to Falstaff's hotel bill. It is all the more curious to find in the writings of such a voluminous commentator the sound advice to students "that they should read and re-read Milton's poem itself". But how will they find time under such conditions to read Mr. Cotterill's glosses and scholia? Milton is the first poet laid under contribution by Mr. Nicklin for his "Lyra Seriorum". In his preface he apologises for the introduction of a carol, for fear of offending the Nonconformist conscience. We only wish he had drawn more freely still on this abundant store of Christian poetry. The delicious naiveté of some of the finer carols gives them a savour that cannot be matched in the whole world of secular poetry. With his space apparently limited to 42 pages Mr. Nicklin has had to exclude a host of favourites. Let him take his courage in his two hands and produce a golden treasury of sacred verse, for the selection of which he seems admirably suited. In the same series Mr. J. H. Fowler has produced "A First Course of Essay-writing." To the small boy the two chief difficulties in composition are the lack of ideas and inability to express them. Instead of giving "skeletons" of essays Mr. Fowler has adopted the more excellent way of concealing his hints under the form of questions. He winds up each specimen essay with a series of cautions which contain the necessary advice on those difficulties of the youthful composer, which are so obvious that they escape the notice of anyone but the careful teacher.

Cours Élémentaire: "France de Montorel." Par Jules de Glouvet. Abrégé et annoté par F. B. Kirkman. Cours Supérieur: "Les Empires." Par Bossuet. Avec notes par L. Brandin. 9d. Cours Supérieur: "Lettres, Maximes, et Caractères du dix-septième Siècle." Avec notes par L. Brandin. 9d. Londres: Black. 1902.

"France de Montorel" is a spirited romance of French history at the time of Henry V. Mr. Kirkman has done his



business of abridgement very well. The explanatory footnotes in French are an excellent idea, and help to preserve the French atmosphere of the lesson. The illustrations are also very skilfully used as a means of avoiding explanations in English. The extract from Bossuet is sufficiently long to give an adequate notion of the style and philosophic breadth of the writer of the "discours sur l'histoire universelle", but the snippets in the companion volume from M<sup>me</sup>. de Sévigné, La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld are far too scrappy to be of any use to a student in the "Cours Supérieur".

"Analytical Psychology." By Lightner Witmer. 7s. "Invertebrate Zoology." By H. S. Pratt. 6s. Boston and London. Ginn. 1902.

These two books have one great merit in common. They are so clearly written that a sharp lad who is eager to improve himself could easily master their contents without the aid of a teacher. To those who desire to acquire the elements of either subject no more readable introduction could be recommended.

Arnold's Mathematical Series: "An Arithmetic for Schools." By J. P. Kirkman and A. E. Field. London: Arnold. 1902. 3s. 6d.

The elementary part of Messrs. Kirkman and Field's arithmetic is written in a bright and interesting style, and, given a capable teacher, the young beginner ought to acquire a more thorough grasp of the first principles of the subject than is usual with the older arithmetics. We deeply regret to see the misleading term G.C.M. retained. In the interests of thousands yet unborn it ought to be abolished, since it is a perennial source of confusion with L.C.M., and the term H.C.F. should be definitely adopted in its place. The treatment of fractions is satisfactory, but we hope one day to meet with a writer on arithmetic who will have the courage to leave out the long and meaningless complex fractions that cumber the pages of current manuals. Another arithmetical subject that should go by the board is cube root, which to those unacquainted with algebra is a mere mechanical exercise with little or no educational value about it. We are well aware that these suggestions are largely counsels of perfection owing to the requirements of "hide-bound" examination boards, but there are signs that the voice of the teacher is at last being heard in the land and that the autocrat at the examination board is more inclined than heretofore to mould his syllabuses on rational lines.

Macmillan's Greek Course: "Greek Prose Composition." By S. O. Andrew. London: Macmillan. 1902. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Andrew's "Greek Prose Composition" is a courageous attempt to teach the subject on broader lines than is customary in many schools. Only those who are conversant with the teaching of Greek prose in other universities can realise the tyranny of the Shilleto tradition at Cambridge in maintaining the rude and rugged style of Thucydides as the fashionable model, to the large exclusion of other more polished examples

(Continued on page 306.)

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of the Attic idiom. One has only to imagine the effect of setting up Carlyle as the principal model for the young Baboo to copy, in order to realise how false and cramped an idea the young scholar too exclusively reared on the crabbed diction of Thucydides must form of the most perfect and flexible instrument of expression the world has ever seen. What is needed, as Mr. Andrew points out, is a discriminating study of Attic models, not an imitation of mannerisms in which the eccentricities of such an eccentric writer as Thucydides are aped and accentuated.

Elementary Geography Readers. IV. B.: "Europe, including the British Isles." IV. A.: "British Isles." London: Blackie. 1902. 1s. net each. The Illustrated Continental Geography Readers: "Africa." London: Blackie. 1902. 1s. 6d.

These appear to be rival series. Both are profusely illustrated, but one is "penny plain" the other "twopence coloured". Most of the pictures in each series are good, but that of the Falls of the Clyde in the first series is taken from a photograph which failed, and the relief map of South Africa in the other is a mere smudge. The title of the first reader is a misnomer, as the "British Isles" does not include either England or Wales, and in fact the two volumes of the series are identical up to p. 68. This seems a doubtful advantage for those who might wish to study geography in the series. Ipswich, again, is not the junction for Harwich for those travelling from Liverpool Street to the Continent.

### THE SEPTEMBER REVIEWS.

The Reviews for September are exceedingly businesslike and weighty, and the range of subjects is unusually wide. The "Fortnightly" is distinctly strong. "Diplomaticus," in a valuable résumé of European history from the point of view of Bismarckian alliances, shows that Italy is falling away from the Triple and that a new triple alliance is by no means impossible. Mr. Iwan Müller gives some extracts from the views of Mr. Rhodes and Lord Milner on the subject of the South African land question, opening up the hopeful prospect that it may prove a comparatively easy task to reconcile Boer and Briton when circumstances compel them to be neighbours. Mr. P. T. McGrath indicates the necessity of measures to safeguard cables at present defenceless, and Mr. G. Byng deals with fiscal problems in a manner which will not please the Cobden Club. His article is less caustic than that which C. de Thierry contributes to the "Empire Review" showing why Colonials are not free-traders. The Premiers of Greater Britain, says C. de Thierry with perfect truth, "aim at accommodating themselves to actual conditions, whereas English statesmen, like Sir Michael Hicks Beach, expect the conditions of the world to accommodate themselves to the theory of Free Trade. Which of these ideas commonsense favours is clear to everyone but a doctrinaire. . . . Colonials are protectionists for the same reason that they are Imperialists and that reason is necessity". An article in the "Fortnightly" which has already roused a lively interest is the Rev. A. Galton's on "The Incompatibles" foreshadowing a new split in the ranks of Roman Catholicism. The attempt on the part of the Roman Catholic leaders to ignore this split no more disposes of it than does the ostrich escape his enemy by burying his head in the sand.

On hardly a single point does the "National Review" cover the same ground as the "Fortnightly". Captain Mahan again writes the first article, dealing this month with the Persian Gulf. He shows why command of the Gulf is of supreme imperial importance to Great Britain, and has much to say that is worthy of attention. But he is diffuse and not always easy to follow, laying himself open as he always does to such criticisms as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in an article in the same review passes on a previous contribution. Captain Mahan, when explicit, is a little obvious. All the same, students of the Persian Gulf question should read his article. Dr. H. E. Armstrong discourses on the need of general culture at Oxford and Cambridge, and of organisation in our educational work. "The control of our educational system rests almost entirely in the hands of politicians and benevolent amateurs;" he suggests that "half a dozen strong and sympathetic men at the Education Department with power to act and supported by the Government could solve the problem in a very few years". Mr. W. Roberts has been making a study of catalogues and indicates an astonishing array of noteworthy books which have failed. Mr. W. R. Lawson's indictment of "Our Company Directors" does not err on the side of leniency. The "tame cats" and "wild cats" of the City will find his remarks unpleasantly personal. "The crying want of modern commerce is for joint stock directors combining high character and practical experience. How scarce they are may be gathered from the very poor financial results produced by our joint stock companies taken all round."

In the "Nineteenth Century" the article which will be most

read and least agreed with is Mr. John Fortescue's "Some Blunders and a Scapegoat". His attempt to show that General Buller is a new victim of political incompetence, who in other days might almost have been another Byng, may appeal to the sentimental but does not answer the hard facts which tell against General Buller. With Mr. Fortescue's account of the General's "impossible and cruel position" when he found himself Commander-in-Chief at Cape Town with practically no army, there must be a good deal of sympathy, and Lord Roberts will find the article as little to his liking as General Buller must have found some of the criticisms on himself which have been occasioned by the publication of the official papers. Mr. Tom Mann on the "Condition of Labour in New Zealand" and Mr. Percy F. Rowland on the beginnings of an Australian national character will both be read by students of things Antipodean. Mr. Ernest A. Savage briefly traces the history of the Bodleian Library, which, as he says "in the importance of its individual treasures ranks nearly first among the collections of the world".

The character of the Public School product one might have thought hardly needed defence. It is written in the history of the race. A recent attack on it in a contemporary induces the editor of the "Monthly Review" to devote his first article to showing what the Public School boy has done. The article is none the less interesting because it says a good deal that strikes us as wholly unchallengeable. In the same Review Mr. Kipling contributes a not very moving sketch called "Below the Mill Dam"; Mr. Henri Bourassa, member of the Canadian Parliament, explains why the French Canadian is loyal, and in his opinion a rather better person than the British Canadian, his object being to warn Great Britain not to make too heavy a draft on his loyalty in the interests of Imperialism; Mr. Arthur Morrison continues his excellent account of the painters of Japan. The reproductions from Japanese works of art which accompany the article enable the British reader to appreciate the inimitable touches with which the Japanese artist portrays nature in general and bird-life in particular. The "Contemporary" strikes one as a little belated in its two opening articles on "Lessons of the War"—the chief apparently being the national necessity for the development of morale—and "The Proposed Suspension of the Cape Constitution" by Sir A. E. Miller, though both contain reflections of considerable interest. What is to be the language of South Africa? asks Mr. A. A. MacCullah. "There can," he says, "be no harm in countenancing the Taal to some extent, more to oblige the Boers than on account of any virtue in the language itself. The Boers, like some other nations of humanity, are a crooked-minded race as well as a hypocritical. Proscribe the language from official or school use, and many of them will cling to it and try to cultivate it: give it equality so far as it can take it, and they will all begin to give their attention to English." The Boers form the subject of a striking article in "Blackwood's", by an anonymous writer who, in dealing with their ancestors, says: "The Boer nation was brought forth in disorder, and suckled on revolt. Government was its first enemy, as the air is the human infant's, and, like the latter, it fought it sturdily from the very moment of emergence from the womb of time, as ignorant as the babe that the new and detestable medium was the very essence of life. Its earliest stratum was ill soil for constitutionalism. The first Boers were sailors and soldiers, ever the most ungovernable of men as they are the most governed; sailors, 'beggars of the sea', with other flotsam and jetsam of the Dutch East India Company, thrown overboard from the great, rich, corrupt galiot, to sink or swim as they might. These wastrels, who must have been the sturdiest vagrants who ever lived, fought the Kaffirs, wrestled with the soil and the climate, and picked their wives from cargoes of Dutch beggar-girls, sent over by the unspeakable Council of Seventeen from Amsterdam for the purpose." Among other delightful papers in "Blackwood's" Mr. Hugh Clifford's on the wonderment of the Malay Princes whom he piloted about London during the Coronation strikes one as the freshest and most suggestive.

For This Week's Books see page 308.

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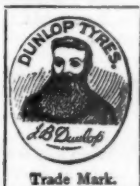
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Reserve Fund .. .. .				10,202	5	8	2,453 Shares Companhia de Moçambique ..	2,453	0	0				
Special Reserve Fund .. .. .				148,683	16	2	60,540 Shares Beira Railway Company ..	25,722	13	6				
Securities on deposit .. .. .				23,086	0	0	5,283 Debentures Beira Railway Company ..	4,213	12	5				
Bills Payable .. .. .				6,200	0	0	£29,000 English Consols, Bank of Lisbon and							
Dividend 1897—Balance .. .. .				663	9	1	Acres .. .. .	24,645	17	0				
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Beira Railway Co. .. .. .				55,000	0	0	2,000 Shares Panga and Silindi United,							
Unrealised Profits (Balance of Account) .. .. .				1	10	0	Limited .. .. .	2,000	0	0				
							7,780 Shares The Premier Concessions of							
							Mozambique, Limited .. .. .	7,780	0	0				
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							1,000 Shares Companhia des Huileries et							
							Savonneries de Mozambique .. .. .	4,000	0	0				
							10,000 Shares Companhia Colonial do Buzi ..	10,000	0	0				
							4,000 Shares Companhia Agricola de Mori-							
							bane .. .. .	4,000	0	0				
							15,551 Shares Companhia das Minas d'Ouro							
							de Macequece .. .. .	15,551	0	0				
							100,000 Shares Beira Railway Company—De-							
							posited in Bank of Portugal .. .. .	55,000	0	0				
											178,287	0	0	
							Deposits to Order .. .. .				13,564	4	8	
							Cash in hand .. .. .				1,273	1	1	
							Cash in hands of Committees—							
							In Paris .. .. .	£33,492	6	8				
							In London .. .. .	28,116	7	1				
											61,608	13	9	
							Sundry Debtors .. .. .				4,957	7	0	
							Securities deposited as qualifications .. .. .				23,806	0	0	
							Furniture .. .. .				812	2	9	
							Preliminary Expenses .. .. .				46,808	17	2	
							General Expenses, 1902 .. .. .				172	10	3	
							Bills Receivable .. .. .				42,501	12	10	
							Administration in Africa (Balance) 444,718	9	7					
							Less—							
							Amounts in Transit .. .. .	13,653	9	5				
							Loss on African Adminis-				431,064	19	11	
							tration in 1901 .. .. .	64,372	0	0				
							Balance as per Profit and				366,792	19	11	
							Loss Account .. .. .				89,566	17	0	
											£1,170,453	0	11	

Lisbon, 31st December, 1902.



# HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

## SEVENTY-FOURTH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 16th August, 1902.

### TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1902.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,438,248.07, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,557,618.92.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which fund will then stand at \$4,750,000.

They also recommend writing off Bank Premises Account the sum of \$200,000.

After making these Transfers and deducting Remuneration to Directors, there remains for appropriation \$2,842,618.92, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Ten Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$533,333.33.

The difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1s. 8½d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$871,544.71.

The Balance \$1,437,740.88 to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

#### DIRECTORS.

The Hon. J. J. BELL IRVING and Mr. R. L. RICHARDSON having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, the Hon. C. W. DICKSON and Mr. G. H. MEDHURST have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

Mr. A. HAUPT has been elected Deputy-Chairman in place of the Hon. J. J. BELL IRVING.

#### AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by the Hon. C. S. SHARP and Mr. W. HUTTON POTTS.

R. SHEWAN,  
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 29th July, 1902.

### HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

#### ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1902.

LIABILITIES.										ASSETS.									
Paid-up Capital.. ..																			

#### GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1902.

Dr.		Cr.
To Amounts Written Off :-		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1901
Remuneration to Directors .. .. .	£15,000.00	\$1,438,248.07
Dividend Account :-		" Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending
£1 10s. per Share on 80,000 Shares = £120,000 at 4s. 6d. .. .. .	533,333.33	30th June, 1902, after making provision for
Dividend Adjustment Account :-		bad and doubtful debts, deducting all expenses
Difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the		and interest paid and due .. .. .
Dividend is declared, and 1s. 8½d., the current rate of the day .. .. .	871,544.71	2,119,370.85
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund .. .. .	500,000.00	3,557,618.92
Transfer to Bank Premises Account .. .. .	200,000.00	
Balance carried forward to next half-year .. .. .	1,437,740.88	
	<u>£3,557,618.92</u>	<u>\$3,557,618.92</u>

#### STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1901 .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00
	<u>\$10,000,000.00</u>	(Invested in Sterling Securities.)	
			<u>\$10,000,000.00</u>

#### SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance .. .. .	\$4,750,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1901 .. .. .	\$4,750,000.00
	<u>\$4,750,000.00</u>	Transfer from Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	500,000.00
			<u>\$4,750,000.00</u>

J. R. M. SMITH, *Chief Manager.*

J. C. PETER, *Chief Accountant.*

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 29th July, 1902.

R. SHEWAN,  
A. HAUPT,  
H. W. SLADE, } *Directors.*  
C. S. SHARP,  
W. HUTTON POTTS, } *Auditors.*

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